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"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR," ETC.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

LATE judge beside an Indian river,
My wife's great-uncle, frail and old,
Minus his temper and his liver,
Came home with stores of wealth untold.

We'd named our eldest boy Ramchunder ;
We'd called our house "The Mangostines ;"
And, but for a domestic blunder,
Should now enjoy his princely means.

We laid down yards of Indian matting ;
Compounded jars of sangaree ;
The cook had turned, by constant patting,
Our Dorset butter into ghee.

We warmed the house from base to attics,
Although the season was July :
He brought a train of Asiatics,
Whose faces made the children cry.

My wife received him in a hurry,
Her brow perplexed with household care ;
She'd been all day about the curry,
With scarcely time to dress her hair.

The children then were all paraded ;
He loudly blessed our little Ram ;
Each wore a tussah richly braided,
And each performed a deep salaam.

We closed the windows while at dinner ;
How hot the soup and chutney were !
John punkahed well for a beginner ;
My wife wore roses in her hair.

The pains we'd taken were not wasted :
He praised our sauce of capsicum ;
Said that such pepper he'd not tasted
Since with the Rifles at Dum-Dum.

The curry ! careful preparation,
With glowing chilis round it stuck,
Appeared ; he sniffed his approbation,
And trifled with a Bombay duck.

The rice was dried to pure perfection ;
He filled his mouth — a silence fell —
Then starting, with an interjection,
Which I am too polite to tell —

He gasped, he wheezed, he coughed, he spluttered ;
We loosed his stock, we gave him air,
And with a stifled voice he muttered :
"You've choked me with a filthy hair."

Alas ! it was no hair of minion ;
My wife confessed she dressed in haste,
And while Maria combed her chignon,
Herself had mixed the curry paste !

They proved the will of Thule Crompton,
By which we never got a groat ;
His thousands found their way to Brompton,
For the Diseases of the Throat.

Chambers' Journal.

IN MEMORIAM.

O SUMMER sky, so blue and clear ;
O sparkling eyes, without a tear,
And joyous hearts without a fear.

O earth so sweet, and roses fair,
And bright birds glistening through the air,
Trilling soft music everywhere.

O form I loved so true and well,
Nought on this earth can break the spell
That links me to thy narrow cell,

Where lies thy quiet, peaceful breast,
In childhood's hours I've oft caressed —
Those loving lips I've often pressed.

O life is sweet when love is young,
To cheer us as we urge along
This toilsome path, this busy throng.

I think of thee at morning light ;
I see thee in my dreams by night ;
Thou art my guardian angel bright.

I'll love thee still while life shall last ;
Nor fame nor fortune e'er can blast
Thy radiance o'er my memory cast.

Chambers' Journal.

EPIGRÆA ASLEEP.

BY WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY.

ARBUTUS lies beneath the snows,
While Winter waits her brief repose,
And says, "No fairer flower grows !"

Of sunny April days she dreams,
Of robins' notes and murmuring streams,
And smiling in her sleep she seems.

She thinks her rosy buds expand
Beneath the touch of childhood's hand,
And beauty breathes throughout the land.

The arching elders bending o'er
The silent river's sandy shore,
Their golden tresses trim once more.

The pussy-willows in their play
Their varnished caps have flung away,
And hung their furs on every spray.

The toads their cheery music chant,
The squirrel seeks his summer haunt,
And life revives in every plant.

"I must awake ! I hear the bee !
The butterfly I long to see !
The buds are bursting on the tree !"

Ah ! blossom, thou art dreaming, dear,
The wild winds howl about thee here,
— The dirges of the dying year !

Thy gentle eyes with tears are wet ;
In sweeter sleep these pains forget ;
Thy merry morning comes not yet !

Providence, R. I.

Transcript.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

NO. III. — TITLES.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU says, in a true but decidedly ill-tempered sentence, that kings have two main objects, "to extend their power outside their frontiers, and to make it more absolute within them." He might have added, with equal reason, that another of their objects is to multiply and consolidate their titles; indeed, if we are to admit the arguments of Bossuet, this latter sort of action is obligatory upon them—they have no choice about it. The Bishop of Meaux argues that "kings, like the sun, have not received without a reason the brilliancy which surrounds them; it is necessary to the human race; they are bound, both for the peace and the decoration of the universe, to keep up a majesty, which is but a ray of that of God." This opinion may have been altogether in its place in Louis XIV.'s chapel at Versailles (though those who saw the German Emperor pray every Sunday in that same chapel for the speedy capitulation of Paris are justified in entertaining doubts as to its fitness even there), but it certainly does not express actual ideas; and though Fléchier confirms it by asserting that reverence for regal Majesty should be regarded "as a sort of civil religion and of political worship," we seem, in these days, to have grown altogether outside the state of mind in which such theories were regarded as indisputable axioms. The books on the law of nations allude to them with veneration, but do not presume to discuss their mysteries or to penetrate into their awe-inspiring recesses. It is rather in the treatises on ceremonial, in the chronicles of two or three hundred years ago—in the older French, German, and Italian special dictionaries, and in the earlier encyclopædias—that we find disquisitions on the fundamental principles of Majesty, and on the titles with which Majesty adorns itself. But, whatever be the sources of information on the matter, they present the same invariable character of detailed reverence, of wilful homage, of credulous and unsuspecting

earnestness. These sentiments are indeed so developed in many of the more ancient publications that it is sometimes difficult to avoid feeling a sort of envy of such resolute conviction, of such persistent faith. The authors who believed in Majesty believed in everything; they had no doubts; they went straight onwards to their end without a hesitation, without a flicker in their creed. Even if they state that, because mustard was made at Dijon, its name must necessarily be a corruption of "moult me tarde," the old motto of the Dukes of Burgundy (who were always in a hurry), there is a sincerity about the affirmation which shows that they, at all events, were quite certain of the fact. And so it was with all else they talked about; no matter what they said, they were always convinced of the truth of their own words. The result is, naturally, that the modern reader somewhat mistrusts the asseverations of such unreasoning writers, and that, if he wants to be as satisfied as they are, he is obliged to take the trouble of verifying many of their assertions. Luckily the subject is amusing; what would be an ungrateful labour in another case, becomes a pleasant task in this one: though the early history of titles is so much scattered that its elements have to be scraped together from various outlying sources. They are all disconnected; there is no unity in the story; it lies about in bits; it does not appear to have been ever grouped into a whole. If this last impression be correct, if no history of titles has ever been composed, there is a gap for an enthusiast to fill up; but it seems difficult to believe that the ground has really been left untitled: it is probable that books have been composed upon the question, but that they have left no "footprints on the sands of time," as is indeed the case, unfortunately, with a good many books. And yet this is a world-wide subject, which finds its application everywhere, and which a number of learned men in many lands have regarded as possessing qualities of the highest character. Even now there are serious people who look at it with deep respect, and who will protest

with indignation against its being included amongst the vanities of nations. The only answer to be given to them is, that it would be of no use at all to be a native of a Protestant country unless one could enjoy the one advantage of Protestantism, which is to be absolutely free to hold and to defend any opinion whatever. They are entitled to do the same.

Judging from what has happened since history has been organized, it seems reasonable to suppose that in early times kings invented themselves first, and then invented titles, in order to frame in and illuminate their glory. Menes, whom we must regard as ancient — the most moderate computation of his date puts him 4000 years back — was a title in himself, for his name signified "the conductor;" and though we know nothing of the special personal denominations which were adopted by the founders of Babylon and Nineveh, we find their successors in possession of a fair share of honorific appellations, at the moment when their annals become accessible to our curiosity. The Kileh-Shargat cylinder, which is the oldest monument of Mesopotamian history yet discovered, has brought down to us the designations attributed to himself by the fifth known king of Assyria, who reigned about 1200 B.C. It indicates that the potentate in question already used in some abundance the figurative, emblematic, and descriptive epithets which have since acquired the name of "titles." He calls himself "Tiglath-pileser; the illustrious chief; whom Asshur and Hercules have exalted to the utmost wishes of his heart; who has pursued after the enemies of Asshur, and has subjugated all the earth; the son of Asshur-rish-ili; the powerful king; the subduer of foreign countries; he who has reduced all the lands of the Magian world;" and more in the same style. This was pretty good for thirty centuries ago, for a prince who seems to us, at this long distance, to have been a mere beginner in the art of self-laudation; but, as times passed on, the love of titles grew, and, seven hundred years after Tiglath, we find Xerxes saying on another slab: "I am Xerxes the king; the great king; the king of

kings; the king of the many-peopled countries; the supporter also of the great world; the son of King Darius." Tigranes the Armenian borrowed "king of kings" from Persia at a later period; and held to it so eagerly, that, when he was beaten by Lucullus, he refused to answer a letter from the latter because it was addressed to him under the ordinary name of king, instead of bearing the plural mention. But let it be remembered that it has turned out luckily for archaeologists that this appellation should have been cherished with such care and employed so frequently; for, if the signs which represented it had not been constantly repeated in the Persepolis inscriptions, Grotefend would have had no reason to suspect that they might perhaps express this much-loved title, and would not have been thereby led to the discovery of the key by which the cuneiform writing was deciphered. It was because Darius Hystaspes persisted in calling himself king of kings that the meaning of these arrow-headed records was found out. If more recent royal titles had served an equally useful purpose, they might, perhaps, have been omitted from the catalogue of the vanities of nations. Alas! it is just the contrary. That is why they are included here.

It is, indeed, most terribly the contrary; for whereas Xerxes and Darius — whom our schoolmasters taught us most wrongfully to regard as gorgeous specimens of pride — contented themselves, in their retiring modesty, with half-a-dozen titles, the monarchs of our own time require at least fifty each. In this respect, as in so many others, the world has got on marvellously since the fight at Salamis; the progress, indeed, has been so vast, the subject has become so huge, that it is an audacious act to attempt to dissect it in an article: nothing but its outlines can be sketched in these few pages; developed at full length, it would fill a dozen folios. And if, instead of limiting our attention to purely royal titles (which alone present a character of internationality), we were to include personal and local attributions too, we should need a goods station to store the volumes

we should be forced to write. Some slight allusion to the latter is, however, inevitable in talking about the former, even if it only be to call attention to the erroneous disposition into which so many of us have fallen, since this century began, of looking upon a title as a privilege granted by a sovereign, far more than as one of the essential attributes of the sovereign himself. If the monarch had no titles, it would be difficult to conceive his bestowal of them on his subjects; it was because he wore golden spurs himself that, in those strange days of chivalry, any knight could confer his own grade upon a deserving squire; and, though the right of *noblesse* to ennoble has vanished with the times of lance and shield, the principle that honour only can grant honour, that rank alone can bestow rank, has remained in force, and finds its application in the universal rule that the sovereign is the exclusive fountain of distinction. Chivalry, with its communistic theory of equality in merit (as merit was understood in those days), shared the power with the monarch for a time, but he has seized it back again; and what Blackstone said of England is true of all other countries now, "The Constitution intrusts the Sovereign with the sole power of conferring dignities and honours, in confidence that he will bestow them upon none but such as deserve them." Generally, in these days at least, he does distribute them reasonably; and it will be owned, even by democrats, that nobility (which is implied by titles) is an institution which fits in skilfully with human weaknesses and instincts, and perhaps even with social necessities. It has generally been independent of forms of government; it exists in every monarchy (except Norway) and in most republics; it preceded and it outlived barbaric times; honour, which, in its moral sense, was but an invention of the middle ages, came long after it; and, though nations now profess to base their motives on justice and on duty instead of honour, we may presume that titles will live down these theories in their turn, and will get on just as well with the new springs of action which the future Radical chieftains

of the world may invent hereafter in their stead.

But, notwithstanding this persistent duration and this universal applicability, it cannot be pretended that titles have been of much practical utility to their proprietors. From the Egyptian Menes that we were alluding to just now, who was lamentably eaten by a hippopotamus, down to those six Deys of Algiers who were successively elected and assassinated in the same afternoon by a sensitive population sixty years ago, there have been innumerable and most varied evidences of the now undoubted axiom that "the post of safety is a private station." And if titles have not saved the lives of their possessors in those disagreeable moments through which sovereigns, like common people, have sometimes had to pass, it does not seem to be very clear that they have been more successful in rendering their owners joyful or contented. The King of Yvetot is the only monarch in history whose happiness appears to have been incontestable; and it will be admitted, without discussion, that his position, especially as described by Béranger, was exceptional, and cannot be quoted as an argument. And yet the vanity of the throne has always so violently tempted human nature, that some of the best heads that men have owned have been carried away by the desire of sitting in ermine, with a crown and sceptre. "Etre Bonaparte, et se faire Sire! *il aspire à descendre!* mais non, il croit monter en s'égalant aux rois: il aime mieux un titre qu'un nom." What can be added to such a phrase as this? What words can paint with clearer truth the folly of the pride of reigning?

Kings persist, however; they continue to distribute titles amongst their subjects, and to confer titles upon themselves. The former constitute one of the most vigorous manifestations of local and individual pride; the latter present an aggressive form of the vanity of nations. And yet, however alike the two classes of appellations may appear in this respect, there is an enormous difference in their origin and in their application. No one can deny the validity of

the former, because they only take effect within the kingdom of the sovereign who concedes them; but the latter concern other sovereigns and other nations, who may, if they think fit, dispute the titles which neighbouring rulers may assume. And this right of approbation is all the more indisputable because it is not limited to mere honorific denominations. It extends to a much larger field—to the existence of foreign states as well; for every power reserves the right of recognizing or of refusing to recognize another power, even though its material existence may be so patent as to need no recognition—even though, as Napoleon said of the French Republic when he was negotiating at Campo Formio, “it no more needs recognition than the sun requires to be recognized.” If, then, this latter right is, as we all well know, and as the authors on International Law take care to tell us in imposing phrases, inherent to every independent government, it follows that the refusal to recognize the titles which a foreign sovereign may attribute to himself is but a subsidiary consequence of it—but a result of the higher right to disavow the sovereignty itself in virtue of which the titles have been assumed. In principle, as Phillimore observes, “it is unquestionably competent to every sovereign to take any title of dignity or authority which it may please him to adopt or the nation to confer upon him;” and yet, as Vattel puts it, “as it would be absurd in a little prince to take the name of king, and have himself called Majesty, foreign nations may reject this fancy, and will thereby conform to sound reason and to their duty.” And in another place he goes on to say, “as a nation may confer upon her conductor whatever degree of authority and whatever rights she may think proper, she is equally at liberty in regard to the name, the title, and the honours with which she may choose to decorate him. . . . But foreign nations are not bound to give way to the will of a sovereign who assumes a new title, or of a people who call their chief by what name they please. If this title has in it nothing unreasonable or contrary to custom, it is altogether in harmony with the mutual duties which bind nations together to grant to a sovereign or a conductor of a state the same title that is given to him by his people. But, if this title is contrary to custom, if it implies attributes which do not belong to him who affects it, foreign

nations may refuse it without his having reason to complain.”

It was essential to begin by this definition of the law (so far at least as there is any law at all) which exists between nations on this question of title-taking, for without it the position would have been difficult to follow out. But, with this explanation before our eyes, we start from a clear ground; we see that, as De Martens says, “if, in consequence of the natural equality which exists between sovereign states, each of them can attribute to its chief such titles as it may choose to confer upon him, other states have the right to recognize those titles, or to refuse to recognize them, or to recognize them only conditionally.” And really this precautionary reserve becomes very comprehensible when we look into the history of sovereign titles, and discover that it brings out the former vanities of royalty with an unsparingness of precision which would probably humiliate the living members of the profession if they knew of it. Let us hope that they are less well informed than we are, and that they sleep at night in peace under the soothing influence of the conviction that their various denominations honestly belong to them.

Now we can open out the books and apply ourselves to the study of the first principle of the science of royal appellations, which is, of course, to divide them solemnly into classes. These classes are, Titles of Dignity, which include all the designations expressive of the monarchical position; Titles of Possession, which refer to territories and dominions; Titles of Relationship, of Religion, and of Courtesy. And even this list, sufficient as it is, is not quite complete; for, subsidiarily, there are titles of incognito, and also the special personal or descriptive surnames which have been borne by so many chieftains from Scipio the African down to the present Red Prince of Prussia.

Titles of dignity are easy to comprehend; they are made up exclusively of words which indicate a function; they apply to any sort of titled situation, provided it be effective, and not simply honorary; they are composed especially of the formulas by which each country habitually describes its head—of Emperor, King, and the various other epithets assumed by the chiefs of states. And yet, simple as this first category of royal substantives appears to be, it includes so many various

designations of sovereignty that it would be difficult to compose an absolutely complete enumeration of all the shapes of rulership that the world has known. Pope has stood first so long that we may put it first once more, though it was not until the fifth century that it became the particular attribute of the Bishop of Rome, who, so far, had been called *Summus Pontifex*: it appears to have been attributed to him by the Concile of Toledo in the year 400. Emperor and King are both older, especially the latter; but Emperor naturally heads the catalogue of pride, for no other title has stood so high in history, no other sound brings back to us as that one does the memory of Rome, of Charlemagne, of Napoleon. And yet this very title disappeared in Western Europe in 476, and remained unknown from that time until the new conqueror revived it on Christmas-day 800. It existed meanwhile in Constantinople, it is true; but that is no argument in the case, for the schismatic Eastern Emperor never counted in the Catholic world. And then we get to King, the universal King, which has lasted from all time without even a change beyond that of literal translation from one language to another; the rank that has been so long-lived that the Radicals must sometimes ask themselves with perplexity how they are to succeed in finally suppressing so tough an institution, and must wish for more years like 1870, which proved again the truth of Voltaire's saying that "offensive wars make kings, defensive wars make republics." It has indeed been immensely and persistently employed. Its originator can scarcely have suspected, when he set the first example of it, that he was establishing the most durable of human grades, and that, after him, the earth would behold more kings than the stars we see on a frosty night. (Lest the exactness of this comparison should be disputed, let it at once be observed that, in our latitude, only 4200 stars are visible to the naked eye, and that there have been vastly more kings than that.) Hierarchically the next place belongs to Grand Duke, a designation which was first conceived at Moscow, but which was acclimatized in southern Europe in 1569, when Pius V. bestowed it on Cosmo de Medicis. But though Tuscany was the first land to own it, Germany only has preserved it, the seven Grand Duchies still extant being all beyond the Rhine. Then appears Elector, a name full of memories of pride and strife, a name which tells the

whole history of central Europe for four centuries. But Elector has not enjoyed the vitality of King; the seven great Electorates that were created by the Golden Bull in 1356, "the seven lamps of the Holy Roman Empire"—which, to quote Voltaire once more, "was neither holy nor Roman"—have now dwindled down to one little shadow of their former name. The Prince Bishops of Mayence, Trèves, and Cologne, the Bavarian Duke, the Chiefs of Saxony, the Palatinate, and Brandenburg, are represented now, alas, by the Elector of Hesse Cassel! This is a fall indeed. That the emperor-makers of the middle ages should (except the bishops) have ended by becoming kings themselves, was natural enough in the times through which they passed; that these great chieftains who had held hereditarily between them the charges of Arch-Chancellors of Germany, the Gauls, and Italy—of Grand Steward, Grand Equerry, Arch-Marshal, Arch-Chamberlain, and Arch-Treasurer of the Empire—should have struggled higher still, was but a consequence of their nature which was human, though Electoral; but that the grand title of Elector, abandoned by the warrior-priests and warrior-princes who had borne it with savage pride for four hundred and fifty years, should be picked up, appropriated, and retained by the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, is one of those absurd incongruities of history which offend our reason and revolt our imagination. We get next to Duke, which ceased to be an independent sovereign title under Louis XII. in France, and disappeared in Germany (except in Nassau) at the commencement of the present century, with Palatine, Margrave, Burgrave, Rhingrave, Wildgrave, and Altgrave. Landgrave alone, of all the old Teutonic titles, is still kept up by the rulers of Hesse Homburg; and it is as well that it should be preserved, for it is the most ancient of all the special German names. It was invented so long ago as 1130, by Louis, third Count of Thuringia, who adopted it in order to distinguish himself from the crowd of Counts around him. The idea was evidently admired by his colleagues; for Thierry, Count of Lower Alsace, appropriated the same denomination seven years afterwards, and Albert of Hapsburg, Count of Higher Alsace, followed the example in 1186. These were the three real Landgraves, the only ones that were recognized as original by the Empire; all the others were imitations. Margrave was a more

modern title; it was limited to the four rulers of the Marches of Brandenburg, Meissen, Baden, and Moravia. We may take Doge next, with its memories of Genoa and Venice; and Protector, which Napoleon renewed from Cromwell when he formed the Confederation of the Rhine. Stadtholder and Viceroy wake up very different recollections: one carries us to the chilly shores of Holland, the other to the bright skies of Naples, India, and Peru. Voivode, like Palatine, was also a Viceroy's title; but the former was Slavonic, the latter German. Czar we will look at by itself, and Hospodar is almost the only remaining title which is worth mentioning; for we need not expatiate on the Bans of the Eastern Marches, though the name exists still in Croatia. Sultan must be counted as Asiatic, far it was first adopted by Bajazet; and with it comes the old name Caliph, which means "substitute," and was originally attributed to the successors of Mahomet; but the Caliphates of Bagdad, Fez, Grenada, Egypt, Morocco, and Tunis, have all become successively extinct, and their rights are concentrated in the Sultan of Turkey, who is now sole Caliph, and thereby Commander of the Faithful. Of Shahs there is but one, though there are three Khans (Khiva, Khokand, and Boukhara), two Imauns (Yeman and Muscat), two Regents (Tripoli and Tunis). Bey, or Beg, has now disappeared; but that it was once a higher name than Sultan is shown by the fact that it was preferred to the latter by Thorgrul, founder of the dynasty of the Se-leucides. Sheikh belongs particularly to the Governor of Madina, and is otherwise a mere village chieftain's name. Pasha is now replaced in Egypt by Khedive. And there we may end the list, though it is very far from being exhausted. It may, however, be as well to allude to Emir, and to add that, strictly, it is a description, not a title: it is the name borne by the descendants of the Prophet, who are found in every class of Arab and Turkish society, particularly amongst the beggars. The peculiarity about their situation is, that to be an Emir because your father was one is considered to be very insufficient evidence of your right to claim the rank; to be so in virtue of your mother is infinitely more conclusive; but to be so on both sides, is altogether satisfactory. The one privilege of Emirs is, that they are the only people who can wear green turbans; and as the Sultan — although he is now Caliph — is not of the

blood of the Prophets, such of his Ministers as are Emirs courteously abstain from green in his presence, so as not to remind him of his inferiority. Emir has, however, been sometimes deviated from its true meaning, and has been applied as a material title to people in authority; for instance, Abd-el-Kader took it, though he was but a simple Sheikh.

This enumeration of the best known amongst the titles of dignity is, however, of but small interest. That certain names should exist in certain countries as designations of their leader, is a fact which we may regard as historical or geographical or linguistic, according to our fancies: the real essence of the matter is not there; it lies, from the point of view where we are placing ourselves here, in the degree of right which each sovereign has to bear and hold the title which he may select. The history of the assumption of new titles is a very large one: it includes a singular variety of extensions, augmentations, adaptations, and usurpations — so many, indeed, that they cannot all be counted. History is full of battles which have been fought for titles: and though we have grown so careless about them now that we allow monarchs to change their names pretty nearly as they please, the process was not so easy in former times. When Christina of Sweden had herself crowned *King* (not Queen) no serious objection was made, because the matter was regarded by the powers as local and exceptional; just as nobody said a word when Madame de Guébriant was appointed Ambassador of France, when the Countess of Pembroke served as Sheriff of Westmoreland, and when the Shah of Persia sent a feminine negotiator to make peace for him with the Grand Seigneur. But in cases of male nominations to new titles, governments used to be less courteous and more exacting. It is only of late years that they have grown indifferent, luckily for the five empires and the five kingdoms which have sprung up this century, and which have consequently been received with a bland politeness which showed that they provoked no emotion (with the one exception of the first Napoleon). The last two great king-makings, in 1806 and 1815, were effected by the masters of Europe, and therefore could provoke no hostility; but the isolated cases of Brazil, of Louis Philippe, of Napoleon III., of Italy and Mexico, were all of the very kind which used to cause bitter op-

position in other days, and yet not a word was said about them, other than — "Certainly — just as you please; we are all quite content." The same calm silence reigned when the empire of Germany shrivelled into Austria; when the chiefs of Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria put on royal crowns; when Baden and Hesse Darmstadt became Grand Duchies. No one raised a finger then, and it was considered to be quite natural that the Congress of Vienna should confirm those changes, should add Hanover to the list of thrones, and Mecklenburg to the Duchies, and should bestow the title of King of Poland on the Czar. But notwithstanding this generous liberality of disposition, the plenipotentiaries of Europe refused to grant the prayer of that insatiable Elector of Hesse Cassel, who, not content with the new Electorate that he had invented ten years before, came up again respectfully and said, "Please, gentlemen, do let me be a king too, like my neighbours." At Aix-la-Chapelle, in October 1818, they rejected his pitiful demand, and, at the same time, they once more proclaimed the right of every power to exercise supervision over the titles of the others. This is how they answered that lamentable Elector: "Les Cabinets déclarent que, attendu que la demande de S. A. R. l'Electeur de Hesse n'est justifiée par aucun motif suffisant, il n'y a rien qui puisse les engager à y satisfaire. Les Cabinets prennent en même temps l'engagement de ne reconnaître, à l'avenir, aucun changement ni dans les titres des souverains ni dans ceux des princes de leurs maisons, sans en être préalablement convenus entre eux."

This example shows that, after all, the line really is drawn somewhere even now; and that, notwithstanding the degenerated principles of our epoch, it is not yet possible for everybody to create himself a king. But to obtain a clearer idea of the trouble there was in former times to get leave to change a title, we must go back to the establishment of the kingdom of Prussia, and still more, to the assumption of the style of Emperor by the Czar of Russia. When Frederic III. appointed himself king, he asked leave privately from the Emperor beforehand, (how little that Emperor knew what a serpent he was warming in his bosom!) and consequently got recognized without much trouble by the other powers. But the Russian story is far more complicated: it is the best example we possess of the contentions which once existed

about titles; it is therefore worth telling in some detail.

The original denominations of the Muscovite sovereign were Autocrat (which was borrowed from the Greek Emperors), Great Lord, Grand Duke, and Czar. This last designation was an old one: it was first given to Duke Wladimir, who died in 1125, and some of his successors partially retained it; but, all the same, the Russian rulers continued to be called Grand Dukes till the sixteenth century. In 1547, Ivan II. was crowned as Czar of Moscow, and that title was retained until, after the conquest of Little Russia and Smolensk, they became Czars of All the Russias (Great, Little, New, Black, Red, White, and Southern Russias). During the next century they began to call themselves Imperator, in the Latin translations of the documents which they addressed to other powers. The Emperor of Germany, Leopold I., was, however, so offended by this assumption of a title which he considered to be his personal monopoly, that he wrote to Peter, in 1687, to declare that he would send back all letters containing this most reprehensibly presumptuous audacity. Peter, however, persisted; and in 1721, after his victory at Pultava over Charles XII., the title of Emperor of all the Russias was officially conferred upon him by the Russian Senate and the Holy Synod. Queen Anne of England immediately recognized the new appellation, and called Peter by the name of Emperor, in a letter which she wrote to him that year, with her excuses for an attack which had been made on the Russian envoy in London. Prussia also, of course, acquiesced in the change, for her own royalty was too recent to allow her to make difficulties with others. Sweden followed in 1723; Venice in 1726; Denmark in 1732; Turkey engaged in 1741 to give the title of Empress to Elizabeth, who had just become Czarina; even the Emperor of Germany recognized the Russian empire in 1744. Finally the Courts of France and Spain consented, in 1745, to treat Elizabeth as Empress, on condition of receiving a *lettre réversale*, stipulating that the Imperial title should cause no change in the ceremonial then existing between the two Courts. But when Peter III. succeeded to Elizabeth in January 1762, France wrote to him simply as Majesté Czarienne, and claimed another *réversale* before she would call him Emperor. A curious correspondence took place between the Russian ambas-

sador at Versailles and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, but the Russian Government gave way and granted the *réversale*. The same difficulty arose again six months later when Catherine took the place of Peter, for France then claimed a third *réversale*. Catherine was not the woman to stand this sort of worry; but even she yielded somewhat to the spirit of the time, and authorized her Minister Gallitzin to communicate the following declaration to all the ambassadors resident at St. Petersburg: "The title of Imperial which Peter the Great, of glorious memory, took, or rather renewed, for himself and his successors, has long been the property of both the Sovereigns and the Crown and monarchy of All the Russias. Her Imperial Majesty considers that it would be contrary to the stability of this principle to renew the *réversales* which were given when this title was first recognized. Conformably with this sentiment, her Imperial Majesty orders the Minister to make this general declaration, that the title of Imperial having been once attached to the crown and monarchy of Russia, and perpetuated during several years and successions, neither she nor her successors forever can renew the *réversales*; and, still less, keep up any correspondence with powers who refuse to recognize the Imperial title in the person of the Sovereigns of All the Russias, as well as in their crown and monarchy. And in order that this declaration may put an end, once for all, to any difficulties in a matter where none ought to exist, her Imperial Majesty, respecting the declaration of Peter the Great, declares that the title of Imperial shall introduce no change in the ceremonial employed between the Courts, which shall remain on its former footing. — Moscow, 21st Nov. 1762." The French Court considered this declaration to be far too haughty; so it put in the following counter declaration, which expresses, in singularly clear language, the theory then existing: "Titles are nothing by themselves. They are only real provided they are recognized; and their value depends on the idea which is attached to them, and on the extent which is accorded to them, by those who have the right to admit them, to reject them, or to limit them. Sovereigns cannot attribute titles to themselves by their own choice; the consent of their subjects does not suffice — that of other powers is necessary; and every Crown being free to recognize or

to reject a new title, may also admit it with the modifications and conditions which may satisfy it. According to this principle, Peter the First and his successors, down to the Empress Elizabeth, have never been known in France otherwise than by the name of Czar. That princess was the first to whom the king granted the Imperial title; but on the express condition that this title should in no way prejudice the ceremonial employed between the two Courts. . . . The king, animated by the same sentiments towards the Empress Catherine, does not hesitate to grant the title of Imperial; . . . but if any pretension were ever raised contrary to the usages constantly followed as to rank and precedence between the two Courts, from that moment the Crown of France, by a just reciprocity, would resume the former style, and would cease to give the Imperial title to that of Russia." Charles III. of Spain put in an analogous counter-declaration at the same moment, and then the matter dropped, after forty-one years of discussion.

We can now go on from titles of Dignity to titles of Possession, which comprise, as their name indicates, the list of all the states and territories which the sovereign may possess, including not only his real possessions, but also his fictive or usurped ones. The consequence used to be, that monarchs made up such tremendous catalogues of the lands they governed, and swelled them with so many countries that had never belonged to them at all, that their full length enumeration became interminable: in order, therefore to avoid pages of useless writing, the chancelleries cunningly invented three sorts of titles of possession: the Grand Titre, the Moyen Titre, and the Petit Titre. When the King of Sardinia, who was very rich in self-attributed dominions, was described in all his detail as King of Cyprus, Sicily, and Jerusalem; Duke, Prince, Marquis, Count, Baron, and Seigneur of forty-seven other districts, the table was so lengthy that one can understand that it was skipped over whenever etiquette allowed the substitution of a somewhat shorter designation. The King of Naples was in an analogous condition, and he also claimed to be Sovereign of Jerusalem, as the English King professed to be King of France. In treaties and official documents, all these pretended titles were resolutely inscribed; ambassadors who were negotiating peace would have

rather gone to war again than have consented to leave out one single ray of their masters' glory: so, as it generally happened that two or more monarchs claimed the same title in the same document (almost every prince professing to be sovereign of all or part of the dominions of every other), it became usual to insert a clause of *non præjudicando*, in order to stipulate that, no matter what were the titles claimed by anybody, nobody admitted them, and that they were simply left in for ornament and the satisfaction of the claimer. If Ghorrum Shah, the fifth Mogul Emperor of Delhi, had signed a treaty with a European state, and had described himself by his special denomination of Shah Jehan or King of the World — which is the largest title of possession yet assumed by any sovereign — the other side would have let him do it without asking for a *réversale*, but they would have shielded their reservation behind a *non præjudicando*. The Titre Moyen, which grew to be generally used at the end of the eighteenth century, was made up of sub-dignities, omitting nearly all the territorial titles. The Petit Titre simply designates the sovereign by the short appellation by which he is usually known, and which is always the highest that he owns.

Titles of Relationship do not imply family connection between the monarchs who employ them. Other people cannot say son or cousin to anybody but their own or their uncle's child; but sovereigns use these words in a special meaning: they employ them to designate political or religious situations, or to mark equalities or inequalities of rank. All Catholic princes give to the Pope the title of Holy Father, or Venerable Father, and denominate themselves his devoted Sons; in reply he calls them "Carissime" or "Dilectissime in Christo fili." Emperors and Empresses, Kings and Queens, write to each other as "Frère" and "Sœur"; reigning Grand Dukes, and that irrepressible Elector who lives at Cassel, also enjoy this fraternal privilege; but sovereigns who do not possess royal honours are only entitled to be called Cousins. Even Godfather and Godmother have been employed in Germany as forms of royal courtesy; they served there a good deal at one time, and not solely as mere formulas of politeness, but as political realities too; for it was not at all unusual to see a town, particularly a Hanse town, included as an *être moral* amongst the sponsors of a prince:

Hamburg and Dantzic were several times God-mamma in this fashion. All this is a very droll shape of vanity, and there is a superb moral to be drawn from it; but there is so much more to say about other elements of the question, that we have no time to idle on the road, and are forced to rush on to the next category without stopping to learn a lesson of philosophy, or to consider what would be the effect in our day if Edinburgh or Southampton were to hold a royal baby at the font.

Religious titles include the special appellations of the Pope, and the distinctive adjectives which he has granted to certain European monarchs. His own names have varied from time to time; his present denomination of Holiness has been restricted to him only since the fourteenth century, before which period Bishops and then Kings possessed it. Louis le Debonnaire, and Bela, King of Hungary, were both called "Your Holiness." The same most inexact description was applied to the Arian heretic Theodoric, who was called "very pious and very holy," by the local Concile held at Rome in 501; and to the pagan Emperors Valerian and Gallienus, who were styled "very holy" by St. Denis, Bishop of Alexandria. The Emperors of Constantinople, though not recognized in the West, were "holy" and "holiness" amongst their own people. And, stranger still than all, King Robert of France, the husband of Bertha and Constance, was called by the very name which the Pope bears now — Saint Père! When Holiness was definitely adopted at Rome, the earlier denominations of Paternity, Beatitude, Grandeur, and Apostolic Majesty, were all abandoned. The other titles of the Pope are older: in the ninth century he was called Vicar of St. Peter, and in the twelfth century he took his present appellation of Vicar of Jesus Christ. The denomination of Servant of the Servants of God was first adopted by Gregory the Great. The religious epithets which have been bestowed by the Holy See on favoured kings are all modern. Very Christian belongs to France; Catholic was conferred on Ferdinand for his conquest of the Moors; Defender of the Faith was confirmed by Act of Parliament (this is vastly comical) after the Pope had withdrawn his gift of it to Henry; Portugal possesses Very Faithful; Hungary has Apostolic Majesty; and the Sovereign of Poland was Orthodox. The strangest thing about these titles of religion is, not that they should

exist at all, but that—existing—monarchs, who are so fiercely eager for ornamental names, should not use them. And yet it is so. The Queen of England and the Emperor of Austria are the only rulers who describe themselves by their religious titles; the others simply allow these denominations to be employed towards them by foreign powers—or, more exactly, that is what Portugal still does, and what France, Spain, and Poland used to do when they possessed kings. This is the one example which exists of voluntary renunciation of an honour amongst sovereigns.

Titles of Courtesy form one of the largest branches of the subject. The reverential salutations of Sire, Majesty, Highness, Monseigneur, are all included in this category. Each of them has a history to itself; each of them has its place marked out with scrupulous precision. Sire was for a long time synonymous with Seigneur, which itself was not a title, but only the substantive which designated the chieftain of a district; and as, in old times, every district had a chieftain—"point de terre sans Seigneur," said the law—it followed that there were a good many Sires and Seigneurs. The memory of some of them has come down to us. Who has not heard of the Sire de Coucy and his motto? "Ni Roi, ni Duc, ni Comte ne suis; je suis le Sire de Coucy." The Sires de Rohan, de Joinville, de Créquy, were others who left a name in history. The application of this syllable to sovereigns alone is a very new habit. Majesty is far older; it is indeed the most ancient of all the list of courteous titles, for it was originally assumed as a personal adornment by Diocletian. Still it came into use amongst our rulers at a relatively recent period, and, in the first instance, as a religious designation only, as is proved by a letter of the Emperor Charles IV., who, in 1355, addressed Cardinal Colomblie, Chief of the Sacred College, as Your Majesty. But shortly afterwards, the Emperors, who to that time had been called Serenity and Grace, began to entitle themselves Majesty; and Louis XI. of France imitated their example, the King of Naples and the Duke of Milan being the first foreign princes who recognized him by this name. Still it was not universally adopted; it was regarded as a new fashion, and it had some difficulty in making its way. In the treaty of Cambrai (1529) Charles V. is, however, called Majesty at last; and in the treaty of Crespy (1544) he is denominated Im-

perial Majesty, and Francis Royal Majesty, this being the first occasion on which these two titles appeared face to face. Francis does not seem, however, to have cared much about it, if we are to judge, at least, by an answer which he made to a letter which he got from Charles, beginning with two entire pages of imperial titles: his reply commenced, in studious contrast, by the simple sentence "Francis, King of France, Bourgeois of Paris." But the Majesty of Charles and Francis was not copied: other sovereigns continued to be called Highness, Magnitude, Celstude, or Altitude (it should be observed that all these nouns express dimension); and when Catherine de Medicis tried to get herself made a Majesty, like her father-in-law, the Parliament of Orleans refused to authorize it. Henry III. introduced the plural words Their Majesties, on his return from Poland; and yet, notwithstanding this, he was generally called Highness. Ferdinand and Isabella were simple Highnesses; and even Charles V., though Majesty as Emperor, was Serenity as King of Spain. Philip II. was the first Majesty in the Peninsula; but the Emperor Maximilian never called him so, and gave him nothing but Serenidad. Sebastian of Portugal imitated Philip a few years afterwards, and adopted the new name; but his immediate successors dropped back again to Highness. Henry VIII. was first called Majesty by Francis at the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold; he liked the name and took it home with him. To his time the Sovereign of England had been Your Highness and Your Grace. The result of all this was that, by the end of the sixteenth century, the kings of Europe had crept successively into Majesty; but though they all claimed it for themselves, they did not all give it to each other. The Chancery of the Empire was—as might have been expected in the face of such an audacious invasion of its rights—particularly obstinate about it, and refused to recognize a Majesty in France till 1648, and in any other State till 1741; to that date it went on calling all kings Serenities. Even in the preliminaries of peace after the Thirty Years' War, when the Emperor was well beaten, he called himself His Sacred Cæsarian Majesty, and described the King of France, his conqueror, as simply the Most Serene Christian King. France was more generous than this; for she conceded Majesty to Denmark in 1700, and to the then newly in-

vented King of Prussia in 1713. There is perhaps more vanity in this story of the growth of Majesty than in the history of any other of the titles which kings have bestowed upon themselves.

Next to Majesty comes Highness, which was originally invented towards the end of the Roman Empire, when *Altitudo* first appears: down to the tenth century, however, it was mainly employed by bishops, who, curiously enough, seem to have made a trial of nearly all the lay titles now in use. Three centuries later it had filtered into Italy, and was absorbed thence into Germany under the guise of *Hoheit*, and applied to sovereigns who were vassals of the Empire. When kings began to denominate themselves Majesty, Highness descended to princes and to sons and brothers of sovereigns. Philip II. at once appropriated it for his children, who were the first Highnesses in Spain; indeed Spanish sovereigns seem to have regarded Highness as having suddenly become their personal property, as a title which they alone could confer on others—for Philip II. offered it in 1590 to the Duke of Mantua, provided the latter would make him a loan of 300,000 crowns; and when Philip V. went to Italy in 1702, he bestowed the rank on the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Parma. This investiture did not, however, satisfy everybody, for there was a certain *curé* of Montferrat who refused to call the Duke of Mantua *Altitudo*, on the ground that the name belonged to God alone; which argument he proved by quoting from his breviary the phrase, "*tu solus altissimus.*" While all this was going on, Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII., set the example of adding on Royal to Highness; the nephews and the nieces of Louis XIV. did the same; and, encouraged by these examples, the Prince de Condé called himself *Altesse Sérénissime*. The Duke of Vendôme, however, did not dare to do the same, although he was desperately inclined to try. Then Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Duke of Lorraine, made themselves Royal Highnesses like the others; and finally, *Altesse*, by itself, was abandoned by all princes of the blood, and was left to members of collateral branches. In 1736, the Duke of Holstein Gottorp became *Celsitudo Regia*, which would be an excellent name for a new plant, but scarcely represents our present notion of a princely title. Since the beginning of this century it has

been usual to call all princes of the blood Imperial or Royal Highnesses; and yet, in 1815, Louis XVIII. gave only *Sérénissime* to the Duke of Orleans: it was not till 1825 that the latter became *Altesse Royale*. The German *Hoheit*, although it is accepted as the equivalent of Highness, has changed its character since 1818, when the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle decided that *Hoheit* should become an intermediate title between *Altesse Royale* and *Altesse Sérénissime*. But notwithstanding this elaboration of its sense, *Hoheit* is invariably accompanied by the elevating adjective *Kaiserliche* or *Königliche* when it is applied to princes of imperial or royal blood. The title of *Hoheit* alone was adopted in 1844 by the reigning princes of the old ducal families of Germany, such as the Saxon Duchies, Anhalt, Nassau, and Brunswick, in contradistinction to *Durchlaucht*, which from that date has become the appellation of the princes who are not issued from ancient reigning families, and of such subject princes as may receive the gift of it from their sovereign. The distinction between the two titles is real enough: even the dictionaries seem to understand it, for they translate *Durchlaucht* simply "Highness;" while *Hoheit* is said by them to signify "Highness, greatness, grandeur, sublimity, majesty, augustness, and eminence," which is a good deal for one word to imply, and for one prince to merit. A third form, *Erlaucht*, was granted by the Diet, in 1829, to the families of the mediatized Counts, in contradistinction to *Serene Highness* which it had accorded in 1825 to the fifty mediatized princes. The word *Erlaucht* has the reputation of being untranslatable; there are, however, people who say that it means *Illustriness*; perhaps the easiest way of rendering it into English would be to call it *Earliship*.

We should be wrong to laugh too scornfully at these refinements of German shades of rank, for there is nowhere in the world a people which has subdivided titles as we English have. We do not think of counting up the forms which we have invented, because they seem quite natural to us from habit; but when we have verified the twenty-seven sorts of denominations which exist in the British peerage—without including our special grades of baronet and knight—we shall own, perhaps, that no other land can match our wild extravagance of signs of rank. Our system possesses another peculiarity also proper to ourselves alone:

our House of Lords is the only senate in the world which is composed exclusively of hereditary peers. In Spain, Prussia, Austria, and the other German states, the Upper House is made up of three sorts of members — some of them are hereditary, some sit in virtue of the offices they hold, others are nominated by the sovereign. In Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, the Senate is elected like the Lower Chamber. Here, perhaps, our system has a certain merit; but our profusion of graduated differences of titles is of no possible use except to puzzle foreigners. We have, proportionately, almost as many of them as of family names, in which we are notoriously the best-provided people of the old continent, for in England only we have 40,000 of them, or a rough average of one name for every five hundred individuals. We have carried this adorning love of variety of names and titles even into our army, where we have created five kinds of rank altogether irrespective of military grades properly so called; our army rank may be regimental (substantive), brevet, local, temporary, or honorary, and we might almost add "relative" to this absurd list, which no other nation can understand. In our navy, at all events, rank is rank; there our officers are in reality what they say they are. The French have five tiers of nobility, like ourselves; but each member of the five categories puts simple Monsieur before his name, with no addition of courteous flatteries like Grace, Most Honourable, or Right Honourable — with no Lady Mary, Lord John, or Lady John. Even before 1789 there were only eight sorts of nobility in France: 1. The King; 2. *Noblesse couronnée*, which included solely the princes of the blood; 3. *Noblesse de race*, or *noblesse d'épée*, which was hereditarily transmitted from father to son; 4. *Noblesse par lettres*, which was conferred by the king; 5. *Noblesse d'office*, or *de robe*, which was obtained by appointment to certain judicial offices; 6. *Noblesse de clocher*, which grew up in the provinces by holding the post of mayor or *échevin*; 7. *Noblesse de coutume*, which was transmitted by a mother to her children, even if their father were not noble; 8. *Noblesse bâtarde*. There was also a ninth sort, called *noblesse de finance*, which was considered unworthy to be included in the list, because it was bought for money. All this has disappeared now; the *noblesse de race* alone continues to exist as a purely personal possession, unrecognized politically.

After this parenthesis about French and English titles, we can go back to Prince, which occupies a position by itself. It means "first;" and the consequence of its meaning has naturally been that there have been princes of all kinds, from the Roman Princes of the Senate, from the two adopted sons of Augustus Cæsar whom he appointed "Princes of the young men," from the Prince of the Apostles and the Princes of the Church, to the Prince of Door-keepers (*Princeps apparitorum*) who kept the gate of the French Parliament. In the early times of the French monarchy the bishops, dukes, and counts were all called Princes; but there were no born princes then, for in those days relationship gave no rank, even to the sons of kings. Under Charles VI. the title of Prince belonged only to kings and dukes, and to the seigneurs of such lands as composed a principality. Christine de Pisan, in her "*Cité des Dames*," says: "*En diverses seigneuries sont demeurantes plusieurs puissantes dames, çï comme baronesse et grand-terriennes, qui pourtant ne sont appelées Princesses, lequel nom de Princesse n'affiert être dit que des Emperières, des Roynes, et des Duchesses, si ce n'est aux femmes de ceux qui, à cause de leurs terres, sont appelés Prince par le droit nom du lieu.*" It was only in the fifteenth century, under Charles VII. and Louis XI., that the position and prerogatives of members of the royal family were determined; it was then that the name Princes of the Blood was first invented. Henry III. confirmed their status by an ordinance in 1576, and Louis XIV. defined their powers with precision in his edict of 1711. Loyseau, who wrote in the time of Henry IV., confirms the modern date of royal princes when he says, "*Il n'y a pas longtemps que les males issus de nos rois se qualifient Prince en vertu de leur extraction.*" In Germany none but the members of sovereign houses are called Prinz; subjects who have been raised to princely rank are denominated Fürst, the latter title being the special designation of "principalities of erection." Thus Prince Bismarck bears upon his cards "*Fürst von Bismack, Kanzler des Deutschen Reiches.*" He is not "Prinz" in Germany; and it may be added that his rank of Fürst is inferior to Duke (*Herzog*), which comes in between the two sorts of Princes.

Monseigneur, which once was copiously employed, is almost forgotten as a royal title; the last lay personage who

bore it was Prince Napoleon: it now belongs exclusively to prelates, who, since Richelieu adopted it, have ceased to be addressed (as they used to be) as "Révérendissime Père en Dieu." Originally Monseigneur was an attribute of the Dauphin; but it was applied as a distinctive appellation to nobody but the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. Padischah can hardly be omitted from the list, though in its Eastern sense it is rather a title of dignity than of courtesy. In Europe, however, it became known in the latter character, as a formula of politeness accorded by the Sultan to the King of France, and, at a later period, to the Emperors of Austria and Russia. As this has taken us back again to Turkey, it will be as well to profit by the opportunity and to mention, though it is not quite in place, that Mahomet II. was the first Turkish monarch who was called by Europeans the Grand-Turk. The Sultan of Cappadocia was spoken of by Monstrelet as the Little-Turk; but though the smaller Turk was soon afterward absorbed by the larger, and though all comparison between them was therefore at an end, the superlative denomination continued to exist as the property of the ruler of Constantinople.

Excellency, which at present is the property of Ministers, of Ambassadors, and of everybody who goes to Naples, formerly belonged to Kings along. Henry IV. conferred it for the first time on an ambassador when he gave it to the Duke de Nevers, his representative at Rome. It was then generally adopted for foreign envoys, but Monarchies at first refused it to the representatives of Republics. Venice succeeded, however, in obtaining it for her diplomatic agents in 1636, after much intriguing; and since that date it has been universal. It is given, too, in Germany, to Intimate and Actual Privy Counsellors, to Field-Marshal, and to some other functionaries.

Eminence was reserved to Cardinals by a Bull of Urban VIII., in 1630; till that time they had been Most Illustrious and Most Reverend. The knights of Malta called their Grand Master "Eminence Sérénissime;" the Ecclesiastical Electors of Germany were also Eminences.

In addition to these distinctive appellations, there is a formula which is employed by a good many sovereigns when speaking of themselves, and which, though not a title, belongs most evidently to the family of royal designations.

Kings frequently assert that they hold their crown "by the grace of God." Originally this phrase had no connection with the theory now known as Divine Right; for the latter is altogether modern, while the words in question were employed by bishops in the fourth century, and by certain monarchs from the tenth century, when some of them described themselves as holding power "by the grace of God and of the Holy Apostolic See." The true meaning of the statement was probably to indicate the subservience of sovereigns to the Pope, who was then the generally accepted king-maker. These were the days when Silvester II. raised Hungary to a kingdom in favour of Saint Stephen, the first sovereign of the house of Arpad; when Popes Eugene and Alexander III. confirmed Alfonso in the rank of King of Portugal, which had been offered to him by his army; when Innocent II. invested Roger as King of Sicily. All this shows distinctly that "the grace of the Holy Apostolic See" was a reality on earth; but it had nothing at all to do with *droit divin*, which is a very different institution, scarcely a couple of centuries old. The Roman emperors never heard of it; they held their place from the soldiers or the people. Even in the twelfth century, the legists of Bologna admitted no other source of royalty than the *vox populi*: they said, "By the *regia* law which constituted the empire, the people has transferred its own power to the prince." And yet the idea of a religious source of political authority would seem to have assumed a vague uncertain form after Pepin set the example, in 752, of asking for the consecration of the Church. But the theory of Divine Right, in its present sense, is altogether new. It seems, indeed, to have been invented in England in Charles II.'s time, by Filmer; for he was the first to argue that hereditary monarchy, by order of primogeniture, is the only government in conformity with the will of God—that it is a divine institution—that no contrary right can be invoked against a prince who possesses power "*Dei gratiâ*." Bossuet took up the idea with enthusiasm, and defended it with brilliancy. It was, indeed, natural that he should do so, for it just fitted in with the attitude of homage which he assumed toward his royal master; but even he could not give it durability; and it has so died out in our time, that it is almost surprising to see both Guizot and Macaulay take the trouble to

seriously attack it. The former defined it with exactness when he said: "This is the formula of a power from which the people must support everything, and which cannot disappear, however mad and incapable it may be; of a power which pretends to be above all rights, to be imprescriptible, and which would remain inviolable if all other rights were violated." And yet this power — so thorough, so independent of control — has contributed scarcely anything to royal titles. The details which have been given here of the origin of the present appellations borne by sovereigns, show that those appellations are, with scarcely an exception, anterior to Divine Right; indeed, it would almost seem as if monarchs left off inventing new denominations for themselves when they woke up to the satisfying notion that they were the elect of Heaven. If so, they acted logically; for it would palpably be useless, and perhaps, indeed, irreverent, to continue to add adorning names to rulers whose sceptre has ceased to be bestowed upon them by human hands. So long as kings made themselves, or so long as their subjects made them, the multiplication of fresh titles was but a natural consequence of the vanity of both. When kings imagined that they were direct delegates from on High, they respectfully suspended further earthly ornamentings of their office. Now that they are relapsing to human origin once more, they will perhaps begin again to coin titles for themselves; and the day may come when Royal Highness will fade away and be replaced by Splendid Brilliancy, Inconceivable Superbness, or Extreme Enormity, and when kings will be deferentially addressed as your Stupendousness, your Vast Infinity, or your Supreme Excessiveness. If so, Sire and Majesty will, of course, descend to Dukes, Peers' daughters will grow into Serene Princesses, and the lower classes generally will become Baronets. That is what is understood by "progress."

Sobriquets which indicate a personal peculiarity constitute the last category of royal appellations; and really they have a special use in history, inasmuch as they generally transmit to us a tolerably exact idea of the moral or physical peculiarities of the sovereign to whom they were attributed. Of course no diplomatic writer who respects either his subject or himself would condescend to class them amongst royal titles; but, in fact, they are infinitely more useful to us, practically, than the more serious appellations which

the authors cherish. Children read with curious interest the names which tell them of the long hands of Artaxerxes, of the red beards of the Barbarossas, of the long hair of the Norwegian Harold, of the short-legs of Robert Courteuise, of the poverty of John Lackland. These details do not fade away — they rest solidly in our memory; and humiliating as it may have been for kings to have received denominations so utterly unworthy of their grandeur, those names now serve as signposts in the history of their period. They remain and will go on remaining — nobody will forget them; but the same cannot certainly be said of the other designations which have been mentioned here. All Frenchmen, without exception, know that Henri Quatre was the Roi Vert-Galant, and can tell the reason why; but scarcely any of them are aware that he was the first king of France "*par la grace de Dieu*." This may be annoying to the learned enthusiasts who theorize about titles, but it is true and it is natural.

There is nothing else to be added to the list, so far as sovereigns are concerned. The rough sketch of the subject which has been given here indicates the main outlines of the forms which it has assumed; people who are curious about this sort of pride can carry their study into further detail. Here there is no room for more extension about monarchs; for, in the short space still available, we have to glance at another huge branch of this wide-spreading tree — we have to enumerate some of the chief titles of kings' children. Thus far we have looked at the parents only; we must turn our eyes now to the offspring for a moment.

The eldest sons of sovereigns present three main categories of titles — general, special, or local. The first class includes Prince Imperial, which is now borne in Austria, Germany, and Brazil; and Prince Royal, which is used in Bavaria, Greece, Denmark, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Sweden. The second is or was composed of Dauphin and Czarewitch. The third is the most numerous; it comprises, or has comprised, our Prince of Wales, Prince of Orange, Prince of the Asturias, Duke of Brabant, Don N. of Alcantara (in Portugal), King of the Romans in the old German Empire, King of Rome in the first French Empire, Prince of Piedmont. Their brothers and sisters are separated in the same three fashions. The first division covers Austria, where they are Arch-Duchesses and Arch-Dukes, a

title created by Frederic III. in 1453; Russia, where Grand is substituted for Arch; Prussia, Denmark, and the smaller German States, where they simply add Prince or Princess to their names. The second class is limited to the Infants of Spain; and if antiquity be a merit, it really is a pity that this title should now be temporarily suspended, for its age is great. Pelage, who lived in 1100, tells us that before his time the name of Infant was known in Aragon; and in a charter of 1174, Alfonso of Castile calls his daughter Infantissa. The third group stretches into various geography and many dukedoms: it includes York, Clarence, Cumberland, Sussex, Kent, and Edinburgh; Orleans, Montpensier, Nemours, Chartres, Joinville, Bordeaux, and Aumale; Oporto, Beja, and Braganza; Genoa, Carignan, and Savoy; Scania, Dalecarlia, Upland, and Ostrogothland; Calabria and Rota; and, after them, the Countships of Flanders and Hainault, and the Principality of Grand-Para in Brazil. There are a great many more besides, but it is scarcely necessary to recount them all. One addition that is perhaps worth making is, that there was a time when each son of the German Emperor was called "Most Noble Purple-Born" — *nobilissimus et purpuratus*. This sounds droll, because we are not accustomed to it; but, in reality, it is not one atom more absurd than the Royal Dilection of three centuries ago, or the Serene Altitude of to-day. And yet, numerous as princes' titles are, they are nothing compared to those of the sovereigns, their fathers; for even if we add the Hereditary Grand-Dukes and the Hereditary German Princes, and allow largely for the unknown but possible appellations of the sons of Asiatic potentates, and even of those of African and American chiefs, we shall never get near the total of the names which European monarchs have bestowed upon themselves. The fountains of honour really seem to have comprehended honour, as some people are said to understand charity, and to have retained the larger part of it for themselves. There is not, however, the slightest objection to be made to this way of dealing with the glories of the earth, provided the fact be known and recognized. So long as glories are required—and in the present condition of society there is not the slightest indication of any diminution of their necessity—it would be folly to complain because monarchs manifest so

vigorous a desire for them. Indeed it may be urged that sovereigns increase the value of new titles in the eyes of their faithful subjects by the eagerness with which they claim them for themselves, and that they thereby contribute to the maintenance of the entire institution in an unweakening form.

All nations are absolutely alike in this one matter; they unanimously agree that variousness of rank and of titular distinctions must be resolutely kept up. Monarchies and republics present no real difference on the question; for, though the former monopolize the use of royal and noble appellations, the latter incontestably possess by far the largest share of general civil titles. We can calculate without any serious effort the number of British subjects who possess a nobiliary designation; but the mind recoils from the attempt to count up the Honourables, the Generals, the Judges, and the Colonels who adorn the United States. America supplies, indeed, so singular an evidence of the effects of the love of titles in republics, that we are led on by it to suspect that radicalism, as soon as it becomes triumphant, will create a new nobility of its own in Europe; and to conclude, from that apparent probability, amongst other reasons, that it will really not be worth while to make the change, and that we may just as well continue as we are. But the seeming certainty that no modification of form of government will exercise any effect on the multiplicity of decorative appellations, renders that multiplicity still more unworthy of our civilization. The thirst for dignities indicates a state of mind of which no people have any reason to be proud, either nationally or individually; and though Transatlantic democrats and European royalists struggle after them with equal appetite, that fact does not diminish the childish folly of the longing. And we cannot argue that our own responsibility is diminished because our rulers set us the example of running after gilded toys. It is no justification for our own vanity to urge that monarchs cover themselves with sounding names; that we find the same abundance of royal epithets wherever we turn our eyes; that there is not a Court in the Old World where titles do not exist—not a King in Christianity, not a Pacha in Africa or Asia, not a naked Chief of negroes, who does not call himself by an accumulated variety of ornamental denominations.

In one land only is there an exception

At 140° east there is a sovereign who considers that one description is sufficient to express all his greatness, who scorns all other designations as unworthy of his grandeur, who does not even condescend to possess a family name. It is true that this rare monarch has behind him five-and-twenty centuries of hereditary power; it is true that he is, in the eyes of his adoring people, Deity as well King. But this extraordinary situation would have produced an absolutely contrary effect in Europe. If we had such a sovereign here, his predecessors would have invented new titles for themselves as each century went by, and he would, by this time, be proprietor of a collection far surpassing all that the world has seen. In Japan alone there exists a master who has held one unvarying rank since the time of Nebuchadnezzar; who would regard as a degradation any addition to the single quality by which more than a hundred and twenty of his fathers have been known before him. The ruler of the empire of the Rising Sun may, however, be content with his solitary appellation, for it is far away the grandest which imperial pride has ever thought of. In old Japanese it is Soumela-Mikōto; but when Chinese characters were introduced into Japan the Chinese equivalent crept into use, and the monarch became known as Ten-o, which is the denomination he now bears. The meaning of the two words is identical—that meaning is “Heaven-Highest,” and that is the one title of the sovereign of Japan. No one will deny that it surpasses all our vain attempts at glory, and that King, Prince, and Emperor are poor indeed by the side of this superb invention. Mikado is not a title, though we use it as if it were; it signifies Royal Gate, and is merely a descriptive indication, just like Sublime Porte, of which, singularly enough, it is a far-Eastern repetition. In the mass of royalty, the Ten-o stands alone; alone he supplies to us the strange example of a rank which is itself and nothing else. No other similar case exists; and certainly the value of our own miserably recent variegated grades and names shrinks wofully when we see that the oldest, longest, and sole unbroken line of kings which history has known—a line which began in 600 B.C.—has never changed its title. But though the successive representatives of this truly royal race have steadily repudiated all additional dignities for themselves, they have be-

stowed them in much variety on their subjects; and, indeed, have made up amply by their liberality in that direction for their resolute restriction towards themselves. Like the kings of Europe, the Ten-o is and has never ceased to be (the Taicoon was nothing but a Viceroy) the fountain of honour to his people; it is he who grants the sixteen degrees of rank of which his nobility is composed. So far, he is like any ordinary prince. But he preserves his vast advantages over Western sovereigns in the special faculty which he alone possesses of conferring the rank of Dai-djo Dai-djin, which (it is asserted that there is no doubt about it) used to deify its holder after death. It will be recognized that no other potentate exercises any power analogous to this; and it is easy to understand that Kœmpfer should have declared, in his odd old book about Japan, that this grade was so terrifically sacred that the Ten-o always kept it for himself. This, however, is an error; the reality is that the Ten-o never stooped to call himself a Dai-djo, because that dignity was beneath him, and that the title has been several times bestowed. It was once more granted, three years ago, to Sanjo, the actual prime minister. It still remains at an inaccessible elevation above all other grades; but, sad as it is to own it, it cannot be denied that it has latterly become completely human, and has lost its former remarkable privilege of god-making.

It is certainly unsatisfactory to discover, at the two ends of history, that Xerxes and the Ten-o offer indisputable examples of voluntary abstinence from titular satisfactions; while we Britons, like all other highly civilized populations, have spent the last thousand years in inventing, replacing, and renewing our royal adjectives and substantives. We have a fond conviction that we offer an example to the world; and so perhaps we should, if the world consisted of nothing else but docks, cheap carpets, coal, green fields and fair complexions; but in this particular element of royal titles, we ought to frankly own that we are not a model for other people; that Japan is far more worth copying than we are; and that we ought to hope that, in her present eagerness to Europeanize herself, she will be wise enough to make an exception in this one detail, and that her sovereign will continue to afford to us this spectacle of a ruler of thirty adoring millions who is simply “Heaven-Highest.”

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOMESTEAD: A VISITOR: HALF-CONFIDENCES.

By daylight, the bower of Oak's new-found mistress, Bathsheba Everdene, presented itself as a hoary building, of the Jacobean stage of Classic Renaissance as regards its architecture, and of a proportion which told at a glance that, as is so frequently the case, it had once been the manorial hall upon a small estate around it, now altogether effaced as a distinct property, and merged in the vast tract of a non-resident landlord, which comprised several such modest demesnes.

Fluted pilasters, worked from the solid stone, decorated its front, and above the roof pairs of chimneys were here and there linked by an arch, some gables and other unmanageable features still retaining traces of their Gothic extraction. Soft brown mosses, like faded velveteen, formed cushions upon the stone tiling, and tufts of the house-leek or sengreen sprouted from the eaves of the low surrounding buildings. A gravel walk leading from the door to the road in front was encrusted at the sides with more moss—here it was a silver-green variety—the nut-brown of the gravel being visible to the width of only a foot or two in the centre. This circumstance, and the generally sleepy air of the whole prospect here, together with the animated and contrasting state of the reverse façade, suggested to the imagination that on the adaptation of the building for farming purposes the vital principle of the house had turned round inside its body to face the other way. Reversals of this kind, strange deformities, tremendous paralyses, are often seen to be inflicted by trade upon edifices—either individual or in the aggregate as streets and towns—which were originally planned for pleasure alone.

Lively voices were heard this morning in the upper rooms, the main staircase to which was of hard oak, the balusters, heavy as bed-posts, being turned and moulded in the quaint fashion of their century, the handrail as stout as a parapet-top, and the stairs themselves continually twisting round like a person trying to look over his shoulder. Going up, we find the floors above to have a very irregular surface, rising to ridges, sinking into valleys, and being at present uncarpeted, the face of the boards is shown to be

eaten into innumerable vermiculations. Every window replies by a clang to the opening and shutting of every door, a tremble follows every bustling movement, and a creak accompanies a walker about the house, like a spirit, wherever he goes.

In the room from which the conversation proceeded, Bathsheba and her servant companion, Liddy Smallbury, were to be discovered sitting upon the floor, and sorting a complication of papers, books, bottles, and rubbish spread out thereon—remnants from the household stores of the late occupier. Liddy, the maltster's great-granddaughter, was about Bathsheba's equal in age, and her face was a prominent advertisement of the light-hearted English country-girl. The beauty her features might have lacked in form was amply made up for by perfection of hue, which at this winter time was the softened ruddiness on a surface of high rotundity that we meet with in a Terburg or a Gerard Douw, and like the presentations of those great colourists, it was a face which always kept on the natural side of the boundary between comeliness and the ideal. Though elastic in bearing, she was less daring than Bathsheba, and occasionally showed some earnestness, which consisted half of genuine feeling, and half of factitious mannerliness superadded by way of duty.

Through a partly-opened door, the noise of a scrubbing-brush led up to the charwoman, Maryann Money, a person who for a face had a circular disc, furrowed less by age than by long gazes of perplexity at distant objects. To think of her was to get good-humoured; to speak of her was to raise the image of a dried Normandy-pippin.

"Stop your scrubbing a moment," said Bathsheba through the door to her. "I hear something."

Maryann suspended the brush.

The tramp of a horse was apparent, approaching the front of the building. The paces slackened, turned in at the wicket, and, what was most unusual, came up the mossy path close to the door. The door was tapped with the end of a whip or stick.

"What impertinence!" said Liddy in a low voice. "To ride up the footpath like that! Why didn't he stop at the gate? Lord! 'tis a gentleman! I see the top of his hat."

"Be quiet!" said Bathsheba.

The further expression of Liddy's concern was continued by exhibition instead of relation.

"Why doesn't Mrs. Coggan go to the door?" Bathsheba continued.

Rat-tat-tat-tat, resounded more decisively from Bathsheba's oak.

"Maryann, you go!" said she, fluttering under the onset of a crowd of romantic possibilities.

"Oh, ma'am — see, here's a mess!"

The argument was unanswerable after a glance at Maryann.

"Liddy — you must," said Bathsheba.

Liddy held up her hands and arms, coated with dust from the rubbish they were sorting, and looked imploringly at her mistress.

"There — Mrs. Coggan is going!" said Bathsheba, exhaling her relief in the form of a long breath, which had lain in her bosom a minute or more.

The door opened, and a deep voice said —

"Is Miss Everdene at home?"

"I'll see, sir," said Mrs. Coggan, and in a minute appeared in the room.

"Dear, dear, what a universe this world is!" continued Mrs. Coggan (a wholesome-looking lady who had a voice for each class of remark according to the emotion involved: who could toss a pancake or twirl a mop with the accuracy of pure mathematics, and who appeared at this moment with hands shaggy with fragments of dough and arms encrusted with flour). "I am never up to my elbows, Miss, in making a pudding but one of two things happens — either my nose must needs begin tickling, and I can't live without scratching it, or somebody knocks at the door. Here's Mr. Boldwood wanting to see you, Miss Everdene."

A woman's dress being a part of her countenance, and any disorder in the one being of the same nature with a malformation or wound in the other, Bathsheba said at once —

"I can't see him in this state. Whatever shall I do?"

Not-at-homes were hardly naturalized in Weatherbury farm-houses, so Liddy suggested — "Say you're a fright with dust, and can't come down."

"Yes — that sounds very well," said Mrs. Coggan, critically.

"Say I can't see him — that will do."

Mrs. Coggan went downstairs and returned the answer as requested, adding however, on her own responsibility, "Miss is dusting bottles, sir, and is quite a object — that's why 'tis."

"Oh, very well," said the deep voice, indifferently. "All I wanted to ask was

if anything had been heard of Fanny Robin?"

"Nothing, sir — but we may know to-night. William Smallbury is gone to Casterbridge, where her young man lives, as is supposed, and the other men be inquiring about everywhere."

The horse's tramp then recommenced and retreated, and the door closed.

"Who is Mr. Boldwood?" said Bathsheba.

"A gentleman-farmer at Lower Weatherbury."

"Married?"

"No, Miss."

"How old is he?"

"Forty, I should say — very handsome — rather stern-looking — and rich."

"What a bother this dusting is! I am always in some unfortunate plight or other," Bathsheba said, complainingly. "Why should he inquire about Fanny?"

"Oh, because, as she had no friends in her childhood, he took her and put her to school, and got her her place here under your uncle. He's a very kind man that way, but Lord — there!"

"What?"

"Never was such a hopeless man for a woman! He's been courted by sixes and sevens — all the girls, gentle and simple, for miles round, have tried him. Jane Perkins worked at him for two months like a slave, and the two Miss Taylors spent a year upon him, and he cost Farmer Ives's daughter nights of tears and twenty pounds-worth of new clothes; but Lord — the money might as well have been thrown out of the window."

A little boy came up at this moment and looked in upon them. This child was one of the Coggans (Smallburys and Coggans were as common among the families of this district as the Avons and Derwents among our rivers), and he always had a loosened tooth or a cut finger to show to particular friends, which he did with a complacent air of being thereby elevated above the common herd of afflictionless humanity — to which exhibition people were expected to say, "Poor child!" with a dash of congratulation as well as pity.

"I've got a pen-nee!" said Master Coggan in a scanning measure.

"Well — who gave it you, Teddy?" said Liddy.

"Mis-terr Bold-wood! He gave it to me for opening the gate."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Where are you going, my

little man?" and I said, 'To Miss Everdene's, please;' and he said, 'She is a staid woman, isn't she, my little man?' and I said, 'Yes.'

"You naughty child! What did you say that for?"

"'Cause he gave me the penny!"

"What a pucker everything is in!" said Bathsheba discontentedly, when the child had gone. "Get away, Maryann, or go on with your scrubbing, or do something! You ought to be married by this time, and not here troubling me."

"Ay, mistress—so I did. But what between the poor men I won't have, and the rich men who won't have me, I stand forlorn as a pelican in the wilderness. Ah, poor soul of me!"

"Did anybody ever want to marry you, miss?" Liddy ventured to ask when they were again alone. "Lots of 'em, I daresay?"

Bathsheba paused as if about to refuse a reply, but the temptation to say yes, since it really was in her power, was irresistible by aspiring virginity, in spite of her spleen at having been published as old.

"A man wanted to once," she said, in a highly experienced tone, and the image of Gabriel Oak, as the farmer, rose before her.

"How nice it must seem!" said Liddy, with the fixed features of mental realization. "And you wouldn't have him?"

"He wasn't quite good enough for me."

"How sweet to be able to disdain, when most of us are glad to say Thank you! I seem I hear it. 'No, sir—I'm your better,' or 'Kiss my foot, sir; my face is for mouths of consequence.' And did you love him, miss?"

"Oh, no. But I rather liked him."

"Do you now?"

"Of course not—what footsteps are those I hear?"

Liddy looked from a back window into the courtyard behind, which was now getting low-toned and dim with the earliest films of night. A crooked file of men was approaching the back door. The whole string of trailing individuals advanced in the completest balance of intention, like the remarkable creatures known as Chain Salpæ, which, distinctly organized in other respects, have one will common to a whole family. Some were, as usual, in snow-white smock-frocks of Russia duck, and some in whitey-brown ones of drabbet—marked on the wrists, breasts, backs, and sleeves with honey-

comb-work. Two or three women in pattens brought up the rear.

"The Philistines are upon us," said Liddy, making her nose white against the glass.

"Oh, very well. Maryann, go down and keep them in the kitchen till I am dressed, and then show them in to me in the hall."

CHAPTER X.

MISTRESS AND MEN.

HALF-AN-HOUR later Bathsheba, in finished dress, and followed by Liddy, entered the upper end of the old hall to find that her men had all deposited themselves on a long form and a settle at the lower extremity. She sat down at a table and opened the time-book, pen in her hand, and a canvas money-bag beside her. From this she poured a small heap of coin. Liddy took up her position at her elbow and began to sew, sometimes pausing and looking round, or, with the air of a privileged person, taking up one of the half sovereigns lying before her, and admiringly surveying it as a work of art merely, strictly preventing her countenance from expressing any wish to possess it as money.

"Now, before I begin, men," said Bathsheba, "I have two matters to speak of. The first is that the bailiff is dismissed for thieving, and that I have formed a resolution to have no bailiff at all, but to manage everything with my own head and hands."

The men breathed an audible breath of amazement.

"The next matter is, have you heard anything of Fanny?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"Have you done anything?"

"I met Farmer Boldwood," said Jacob Smallbury, "and I went with him and two of his men, and dragged Wood Pond, but we found nothing."

"And the new shepherd have been to Buck's Head, thinking she had gone there, but nobody had seen her," said Laban Tall.

"Hasn't William Smallbury been to Casterbridge?"

"Yes, ma'am, but he's not yet come home. He promised to be back by six."

"It wants a quarter to six at present," said Bathsheba, looking at her watch. "I daresay he'll be in directly. Well, now then"—she looked into the book—"Joseph Poorgrass, are you there?"

"Yes, sir — ma'am I mane," said the person addressed. "I am the personal name of Poorgrass — a small matter who is nothing in his own eye. Perhaps it is different in the eye of other people — but I don't say it; though public thought will out."

"What do you do on the farm?"

"I does carting things all the year, and in seed time I shoots the rooks and sparrows, and helps at pig-killing, sir."

"How much to you?"

"Please nine and ninepence and a good halfpenny where 'twas a bad one, sir — ma'am I mane."

"Quite correct. Now here are ten shillings in addition as a small present, as I am a new comer."

Bathsheba blushed slightly as she spoke at the sense of being generous in public, and Henery Fray, who had drawn up towards her chair, lifted his eyebrows and fingers to express amazement on a small scale.

"How much do I owe you — that man in the corner — what's your name?" continued Bathsheba.

"Matthew Moon, ma'am," said a singular framework of clothes with nothing of any consequence inside them, which advanced with the toes in no definite direction forwards, but turned in or out as they chanced to swing.

"Matthew Mark, did you say? — speak out — I shall not hurt you," enquired the young farmer, kindly.

"Matthew Moon, mem," said Henery Fray, correctingly from behind her chair, to which point he had edged himself.

"Matthew Moon," murmured Bathsheba, turning her bright eyes to the book. "Ten and two-pence halfpenny is the sum put down to you, I see?"

"Yes, mis'ess," said Matthew, as the rustle of wind among dead leaves.

"Here it is, and ten shillings. Now the next — Andrew Candle, you are a new man, I hear. How came you to leave your last farm?"

"P-p-p-p-pl-pl-pl-pl-l-l-l-l-ease, ma'am, p-p-p-pl-pl-pl-pl-please ma'am-please'm-please'm —"

"'A's a stammering man, mem," said Henery Fray in an under tone, "and they turned him away because the only time he ever did speak plain he said his soul was his own, and other iniquities, to the squire. 'A can cuss, mem, as well as you or I, but 'a can't speak a common speech to save his life."

"Andrew Candle, here's yours — finish thanking me in a day or two. Temper-

ance Miller — oh, here's another, Soberness, both women I suppose?"

"Yes'm. Here we be, 'a b'lieve," was echoed in shrill unison.

"What have you been doing?"

"Tending thrashing-machine, and wimbling haybonds, and saying Hoosh! to the cocks and hens when they go upon your seeds, and planting Early Flourballs and Thompson's Wonderfals with a dibble."

"Yes — I see. Are they satisfactory women?" she enquired softly of Henery Fray.

"O, mem — don't ask me! Yielding women — as scarlet a pair as ever was!" groaned Henery under his breath.

"Sit down."

"Who, mem?"

"Sit down!"

Joseph Poorgrass, in the background, twitched, and his lips became dry with fear of some terrible consequences as he saw Bathsheba summarily speaking, and Henery slinking off to a corner.

"Now the next. Laban Tall. You'll stay on working for me?"

"For you or anybody that pays me well, ma'am," replied the young married man.

"True — the man must live!" said a woman in the back quarter, who had just entered with clicking pattens.

"What woman is that?" Bathsheba asked.

"I be his lawful wife!" continued the voice with greater prominence of manner and tone. This lady called herself five-and-twenty, looked thirty, passed as thirty-five, and was forty. She was a woman who never, like some newly married, showed conjugal tenderness in public, perhaps because she had none to show.

"Oh, you are," said Bathsheba. "Well, Laban, will you stay on?"

"Yes, he'll stay, ma'am!" said again the shrill tongue of Laban's lawful wife.

"Well, he can speak for himself, I suppose?"

"O Lord no, ma'am. A simple tool. Well enough, but a poor gawkhammer mortal," the wife replied.

"Heh-heh-heh!" laughed the married man with a hideous effort of appreciation, for he was as irrepressibly good-humoured under ghastly snubs as a parliamentary candidate on the hustings.

The names remaining were called in the same manner.

"Now I think I have done with you," said Bathsheba, closing the book and

shaking back a stray twine of hair.

"Has William Smallbury returned?"

"No, ma'am."

"The new shepherd will want a man under him," suggested Henery Fray, trying to make himself official again by a sideway approach towards her chair.

"Oh—he will. Who can he have?"

"Young Cain Ball is a very good lad," Henery said, "and Shepherd Oak don't mind his youth?" he added, turning with an apologetic smile to the shepherd, who had just appeared on the scene, and was now leaning against the doorpost with his arms folded.

"O, I don't mind that," said Gabriel.

"How did Cain come by such a name?" asked Bathsheba.

"O you see, mem, his pore mother, not being a Scripture-read woman, made a mistake at his christening, thinking 'twas Abel killed Cain, and called en Cain, meaning Abel all the time. She didn't find it out till 'twas too late, and the chiel was handed back to his godmother. 'Tis very unfortunate for the boy."

"It is rather unfortunate."

"Yes. However, we soften it down as much as we can, and call him Cainy. Ah, pore widow-woman! she cried her heart out about it almost. She was brought up by a very heathen father and mother who never sent her to church or school, and it shows how the sins of the parents are visited upon the children, mem."

Mr. Fray here drew up his features to the mild degree of melancholy required when the persons involved in the given misfortune do not belong to your own family.

"Very well, then, Cainy Ball to be under shepherd. And you quite understand your duties?—you I mean, Gabriel Oak."

"Quite well, I thank you, Miss Everdene," said Shepherd Oak from the doorpost. "If I don't I'll enquire." Gabriel was rather staggered by the remarkable coolness of her manner. Certainly nobody without previous information would ever have dreamt that Oak and the handsome woman before whom he stood had ever been other than strangers. But perhaps her air was the inevitable result of the social rise which had advanced her from a cottage to a large house and fields. The case is not unexampled in high places. When, in the writings of the later poets, Jove and his family are found to have moved from their cramped quarters on the peak of Olympus into the wide sky above it, their words show a

proportionate increase of arrogance and reserve.

Footsteps were heard in the passage, combining in their character the qualities both of weight and measure, rather at the expense of velocity.

(All.) "Here's Billy Smallbury come from Casterbridge."

"And what's the news?" said Bathsheba, as William, after marching to the middle of the hall, took a handkerchief from his hat and wiped his forehead from its centre to its remoter boundaries.

"I should have been sooner, Miss," he said, "if it hadn't been for the weather." He then stamped with each foot severely, and on looking down his boots were perceived to be clogged with snow.

"Come at last, is it?" said Henery.

"Well, what about Fanny?" said Bathsheba.

"Well, ma'am, in round numbers, she's run away with the soldiers," said William.

"No; not a steady girl like Fanny!"

"I'll tell ye all particulars. When I got to Casterbridge Barracks, they said, 'The 11th Dragoon-Guards be gone away, and new troops have come.' The Eleventh left last week for Melchester. The Route came from Government like a thief in the night, as is his nature to, and afore the Eleventh knew it almost, they were on the march."

Gabriel had listened with interest. "I saw them go," he said.

"Yes," continued William, "they pranced down the street playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' so 'tis said, in glorious notes of triumph. Every looker-on's inside shook with the blows of the great drum to his deepest vitals, and there was not a dry eye throughout the town among the public-house people and the nameless women!"

"But they're not gone to any war?"

"No, ma'am; but they be gone to take the places of them who may, which is very close connected. And so I said to myself, Fanny's young man was one of the regiment, and she's gone after him. There, ma'am, that's it in black and white."

"Did you find out his name?"

"No; nobody knew it. I believe he was higher in rank than a private."

Gabriel remained musing and said nothing, for he was in doubt.

"Well, we are not likely to know more to-night, at any rate," said Bathsheba. "But one of you had better run across to Farmer Boldwood's and tell him that much."

She then rose ; but before retiring, addressed a few words to them with a pretty dignity, to which her mourning dress added a soberness that was hardly to be found in the words themselves.

"Now mind, you have a mistress instead of a master. I don't yet know my powers or my talents in farming ; but I shall do my best, and if you serve me well, so shall I serve you. Don't any unfair ones among you (if there are any such, but I hope not) suppose that because I'm a woman I don't understand the difference between bad goings-on and good."

(All.) "No'm!"

(Lyddy.) "Excellent well said."

"I shall be up before you are awake ; I shall be afield before you are up ; and I shall have breakfasted before you are afield. In short I shall astonish you all."

(All.) "Yes'm!"

"And so good-night."

(All.) "Good-night, ma'am."

Then this small thesmothete stepped from the table, and surged out of the hall, her black silk dress licking up a few straws and dragging them along with a scratching noise upon the floor. Liddy, elevating her feelings to the occasion from a sense of grandeur, floated off behind Bathsheba with a milder dignity not entirely free from travesty, and the door was closed.

CHAPTER XI.

MELCHESTER MOOR: SNOW: A MEETING.

FOR dreariness, nothing could surpass a prospect in the outskirts of the city of Melchester, at a later hour on this same snowy evening — if that may be called a prospect of which the chief constituent was darkness.

It was a night when sorrow may come to the brightest without causing any great sense of incongruity : when, with impressive persons, love becomes solicitude, hope sinks to misgiving, and faith to hope : when the exercise of memory does not stir feelings of regret at opportunities for ambition that have been passed by, and anticipation does not prompt to enterprise.

The scene was a public path, bordered on the left hand by a river, behind which rose a high wall. On the right was a tract of land, partly meadow and partly moor, reaching, at its remote verge, to a wide undulating heath.

The changes of the seasons are less obtrusive on spots of this kind than

amid woodland scenery. Still, to a close observer, they are just as perceptible ; the difference is that their media of manifestation are less trite and familiar than such well-known ones as the bursting of the buds or the fall of the leaf. Many are not so stealthy and gradual as we may be apt to imagine in considering the general torpidity of a moor or heath. Winter, in coming to the place under notice, advanced in some such well-marked stages as the following :

The retreat of the snakes.

The transformation of the terns.

The filling of the pools.

A rising of fogs.

The embrowning by frost.

The collapse of the fungi.

An obliteration by snow.

This climax of the series had been reached to-night on Melchester Moor, and for the first time in the season its irregularities were forms without features ; suggestive of anything, proclaiming nothing, and without more character than that of being the limit of something else — the lowest layer of a firmament of snow. From this chaotic sky-full of crowding flakes the heath and moor momentarily received additional clothing, only to appear momentarily more naked thereby. The vast dome of cloud above was strangely low, and formed as it were the roof of a large dark cavern, gradually sinking in upon its floor ; for the instinctive thought was that the snow lining the heavens and that encrusting the earth would soon unite into one mass without any intervening stratum of air at all.

We turn our attention to the left-hand characteristics. They were flatness as regards the river, verticality as regards the wall behind it, and darkness as regards both. These features made up the mass. If anything could be darker than the sky, it was the wall ; if anything could be gloomier than the wall, it was the river beneath. The indistinct summit of the façade was notched and pronged by chimneys here and there, and upon its face were faintly signified the oblong shapes of windows, though only in the upper part. Below, down to the water's edge, the flat was unbroken by hole or projection.

An indescribable succession of dull blows, perplexing in their regularity, sent their sound with difficulty through the fluffy atmosphere. It was a neighbouring clock striking ten. The bell was in the open air, and being overlaid with several

inches of muffling snow, had lost its voice for the time.

About this hour the snow abated: ten flakes fell where twenty had fallen, then one had the room of ten. Not long after a form moved by the brink of the river.

By its outline upon the colourless background, a close observer might have seen that it was small. This was all that was positively discoverable. Human it seemed.

The shape went slowly along, but without much exertion, for the snow, though sudden, was not as yet more than two inches deep. At this time some words were spoken aloud:—

"One. Two. Three. Four. Five."

Between each utterance the little shape advanced about half a dozen yards. It was evident now that the windows high in the wall were being counted. The word "Five" represented the fifth window from the end of the wall.

Here the spot stopped, and dwindled small. The figure was stooping. Then a morsel of snow flew across the river towards the fifth window. It smacked against the wall at a point several yards from its mark. The throw was the idea of a man conjoined with the execution of a woman. No man who had ever seen bird, rabbit, or squirrel in his childhood, could possibly have thrown with such utter imbecility as was shown here.

Another attempt, and another; till by degrees the wall must have become pimpled with the adhering lumps of snow. At last a piece struck the fifth window.

The river would have been seen by day to be of that deep smooth sort which races middle and sides with the same gliding precision, any irregularities of speed being immediately corrected by a small whirlpool. Nothing was heard in reply to the signal but the gurgle and cluck of one of these invisible wheels—together with a few small sounds which a sad man would have called moans, and a happy man laughter—caused by the flapping of the waters against trifling objects in other parts of the stream.

The window was struck again in the same manner.

Then a noise was heard, apparently produced by the opening of the window. This was followed by a voice from the same quarter.

"Who's there?"

The tones were masculine, but not those of surprise. The high wall being that of a barrack, and marriage being looked upon with disfavour in the army,

assignments and communications had probably been made across the river before to-night.

"Is it Sergeant Troy?" said the blurred spot in the snow, tremulously.

This person was so much like a mere shade upon the earth, and the other speaker so much a part of the building, that one would have said the wall was holding converse with the snow.

"Yes," came suspiciously from the shadow. "What girl are you?"

"O, Frank—don't you know me?" said the spot. "Your wife, Fanny Robin."

"Fanny!" said the wall, in utter astonishment.

"Yes," said the girl, with a half-suppressed gasp of emotion.

There was a tone in the woman which is not that of the wife, and there was a manner in the man which is rarely a husband's. The dialogue went on.

"How did you come here?"

"I asked which was your window. Forgive me!"

"I did not expect you to-night. Indeed, I did not think you would come at all. It was a wonder you found me here. I am orderly to-morrow."

"You said I was to come."

"Well—I said that you might."

"Yes, I mean that I might. You are glad to see me, Frank?"

"O yes—of course."

"Can you—come to me!"

"My dear Fan, no! The bugle has sounded, the barrack gates are closed, and I have no leave. We are all of us as good as in Melchester Gaol till to-morrow morning."

"Then I shan't see you till then!" The words were in a faltering tone of disappointment.

"How did you get here from Weatherbury?"

"I walked—some part of the way—the rest by the carrier."

"I am surprised."

"Yes—so am I. And, Frank, when will it be?"

"What?"

"That you promised."

"I don't quite recollect."

"O you do! Don't speak like that. It weighs me to the earth. It makes me say what ought to be said first by you."

"Never mind—say it."

"O, must I?—it is, when shall we be married, Frank?"

"O, I see. Well—you have to get proper clothes."

"I have money. Will it be by banns or license?"

"Banns, I should think."

"And we live in two parishes."

"Do we? What then?"

"My lodgings are in St. Mary's, and this is not. So they will have to be published in both."

"Is that the law?"

"Yes. O, Frank — you think me forward, I am afraid! Don't, dear Frank — will you — for I love you so. And you said lots of times you would marry me, and — and — I — I — I —"

"Don't cry, now! It is foolish. If I said so, of course I will."

"And shall I put up the banns in my parish, and will you in yours?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow. We'll settle in a few days."

"You have the permission of the officers?"

"No — not yet."

"O — how is it? You said you almost had before you left Casterbridge."

"The fact is, I forgot to ask. Your coming like this is so sudden and unexpected."

"Yes — yes — it is. It was wrong of me to worry you. I'll go away now. Will you come and see me to-morrow, at Mrs. Twill's, in North Street? I don't like to come to the Barracks. There are bad women about, and they think me one."

"Quite so. I'll come to you, my dear. Good night."

"Good night, Frank — good night!"

And the noise was again heard of a window closing. The little spot moved away. When she passed the corner, a subdued exclamation was heard inside the wall.

"Ho — ho — Sergeant — ho — ho!" An expostulation followed, but it was indistinct; and it became lost amid a low peal of laughter, which was hardly distinguishable from the gurgle of the tiny whirlpools outside.

CHAPTER XII.

FARMERS: A RULE: AN EXCEPTION.

THE first public evidence of Bathsheba's decision to be a farmer in her own person and by proxy no more was her appearance the following market-day in the corn-market at Casterbridge.

The low though extensive hall, supported by Tuscan pillars, and latterly

dignified by the name of Corn-Exchange, was thronged with hot men who talked among each other in twos and threes, the speaker of the minute looking sideways into his auditor's face and concentrating his argument by a contraction of one eyelid during delivery. The greater number carried in their hands ground-ash saplings, using them partly as walking-sticks and partly for poking up pigs, sheep, neighbours with their backs turned, and restless things in general, which seemed to require such treatment in the course of their peregrinations. During conversations each subjected his sapling to great varieties of usage — bending it round his back, forming an arch of it between his two hands, over-weighting it on the ground till it reached nearly a semi-circle; or perhaps it was hastily tucked under the arm whilst the sample-bag was pulled forth and a handful of corn poured into the palm, which, after criticism, was flung upon the floor, an issue of events perfectly well known to half a dozen acute town-bred fowls which had as usual crept into the building unobserved, and waited the fulfilment of their anticipations with a high stretched neck and oblique eye.

Among these heavy yeomen a feminine figure glided, the single one of her sex that the room contained. She was prettily and even daintily dressed. She moved between them as a chaise between carts, was heard after them as a romance after sermons, was felt among them like a breeze among furnaces. It had required a little determination — far more than she had at first imagined — to take up a position here, for at her first entry the lumbering dialogues had ceased, nearly every face had been turned towards her, and those that were already turned rigidly fixed there.

Two or three only of the farmers were personally known to Bathsheba, and to these she had made her way. But if she was to be the practical woman she had intended to show herself, business must be carried on, introductions or none, and she ultimately acquired confidence enough to speak and reply boldly to men merely known to her by hearsay. Bathsheba too had her sample-bags, and by degrees adopted the professional pour into the hand — holding up the grains in her narrow palm for inspection, in perfect Casterbridge manner.

Something in the exact arch of her upper unbroken row of teeth, and in the keenly pointed corners of her red mouth

when, with parted lips, she somewhat defiantly turned up her face to argue a point with a tall man, suggested that there was depth enough in that lithe slip of humanity for alarming potentialities of exploit, and daring enough to carry them out. But her eyes had a softness—invariably a softness—which, had they not been dark, would have seemed mistiness; as they were, it lowered an expression that might have been piercing to simple clearness.

Strange to say of a female in full bloom and vigour, she always allowed her interlocutors to finish their statements before rejoining with hers. In arguing on prices, she held to her own firmly, as was natural in a dealer, and reduced theirs persistently, as was inevitable in a woman. But there was an elasticity in her firmness which removed it from obstinacy, as there was a naïveté in her cheapening which saved it from meanness.

Those of the farmers with whom she had no dealings (by far the greater part) were continually asking each other "Who is she?" The reply would be—

"Farmer Everdene's niece; took on Weatherbury Upper Farm; turned away the baily, and swears she'll do everything herself."

The other man would then shake his head.

"Yes, 'tis a pity she's so headstrong," the first would say. "But we ought to be proud of her here—she lightens up the old place. 'Tis such a shapely maid, however, that she'll soon get picked up."

It would be ungallant to suggest that the novelty of her engagement in such an occupation had almost as much to do with the magnetism as had the beauty of her face and movements. However, the interest was general, and this Saturday's *débat* in the forum, whatever it may have been to Bathsheba as the buying and selling farmer, was unquestionably a triumph to her as the maiden. Indeed, the sensation was so pronounced that her instinct on two or three occasions was to merely walk as a queen among these gods of the fallow, like a little sister of a little Jove, and to neglect closing prices altogether.

The numerous evidences of her power to attract were only thrown into greater relief by a marked exception. Women seem to have eyes in their ribbons for such matters as these. Bathsheba, without looking within a right angle of him, was conscious of a black sheep among the flock.

It perplexed her first. If there had been a respectable minority on either side, the case would have been most natural. If nobody had regarded her, she would have taken the matter indifferently—such cases had occurred. If everybody, this man included, she would have taken it as a matter of course—people had done so before. But the exception, added to its smallness, made the mystery—just as when the difference between the state of an insignificant fleece and the state of all around it, rather than any novelty in the states themselves, arrested the attention of Gideon.

She soon knew thus much of the recusant's appearance. He was a gentlemanly man, with full and distinctly outlined Roman features, the prominences of which glowed in the sun with a bronze-like richness of tone. He was erect in attitude, and quiet in demeanour. One characteristic pre-eminently marked him—dignity.

Apparently he had some time ago reached that entrance to middle age at which a man's aspect naturally ceases to alter for the term of a dozen years or so; and, artificially, a woman's does likewise. Thirty-five and fifty were his limits of variation—he might have been either, or anywhere between the two.

It may be said that married men of forty are usually ready and generous enough to fling passing glances at any specimen of moderate beauty they may discern by the way. Probably, as with persons playing whist for love, the consciousness of a certain immunity under any circumstances from that worst possible ultimate, the having to pay, makes them unduly speculative. Bathsheba was convinced that this unmoved person was not a married man.

When marketing was over, she rushed off to Liddy, who was waiting for her beside the yellow gig in which they had driven to town. The horse was put in, and on they trotted—Bathsheba's sugar, tea, and drapery parcels being packed behind, and expressing in some indescribable manner, as well by their colour and shape, as by their general lineaments, that they were that young lady-farmer's property, and the grocer's and draper's no more.

"I've been through it, Liddy, and it is over. I shan't mind it again, for they will all have grown accustomed to seeing me there; but this morning it was as bad as being married—eyes everywhere!"

"I knowed it would be," Liddy said.

"Men be such a terrible class of society to look at a body."

"But there was one man who had more sense than to waste his time upon me." The information was put in this form that Liddy might not for a moment suppose her mistress was at all piqued. "A very good-looking man," she continued, "upright; about forty, I should think. Do you know at all who he could be?"

Liddy couldn't think.

"Can't you guess at all?" said Bathsheba with some disappointment.

"I haven't a notion; besides, 'tis no difference, since he took less notice of you than any of the rest. Now, if he'd taken more, it would have mattered a great deal."

Bathsheba was suffering from the reverse feeling just then, and they bowled along in silence. A low carriage, bowling along still more rapidly behind a horse of unimpeachable breed, overtook and passed them.

"Why, there he is!" she said.

Liddy looked. "That! That's Farmer Boldwood — of course 'tis — the man you couldn't see the other day when he called."

"O, Farmer Boldwood," murmured Bathsheba, and looked at him as he outstripped them. The farmer had never turned his head once, but with eyes fixed on the most advanced point along the road, passed as unconsciously and abstractedly as if Bathsheba and her charms were thin air.

"He's an interesting man — don't you think so?" she remarked.

"O yes, very. Everybody owns it," replied Liddy.

"I wonder why he is so wrapt up and indifferent, and seemingly so far away from all he sees around him."

"It is said — but not known for certain — that he met with some bitter disappointment when he was a young man and merry. A woman jilted him, they say."

"People always say that — and we know very well women scarcely ever jilt men; 'tis the men who jilt us. I expect it is simply his nature to be so reserved."

"Simply his nature — I expect so, miss — nothing else in the world."

"Still, 'tis more romantic to think he has been served cruelly, poor thing! Perhaps, after all, he has."

"Depend upon it he has. O, yes, miss, he has. I feel he must have."

"However, we are very apt to think extremes of people. I shouldn't wonder after all if it wasn't a little of both — just

between the two — rather cruelly used and rather reserved."

"O dear no, miss — I can't change to between the two!"

"That's most likely."

"Well, yes, so it is. I am convinced it is most likely. You may take my word, miss, that that's what's the matter with him."

CHAPTER XIII.

SORTES SANCTORUM: THE VALENTINE.

It was Sunday afternoon in the farmhouse, on the thirteenth of February. Dinner being over, Bathsheba, for want of a better companion, had asked Liddy to come and sit with her. The mouldy pile was dreary in winter-time before the candles were lighted and the shutters closed; the atmosphere of the place seemed as old as the walls; every nook behind the furniture had a temperature of its own, for the fire was not kindled in this part of the house early in the day; and Bathsheba's new piano, which was an old one in other annals, looked particularly sloping and out of level on the warped floor before night threw a shade over its less prominent angles and hid the unpleasantness. Liddy, like a little brook, though shallow, was always rippling; her presence had not so much weight as to task thought, and yet enough to exercise it.

On the table lay an old quarto Bible, bound in leather. Liddy looking at it said,

"Did you ever find out, Miss, who you are going to marry by means of the Bible and Key?"

"Don't be so foolish, Liddy. As if such things could be."

"Well, there's a good deal in it all the same."

"Nonsense, child."

"And it makes your heart beat fearfully. Some believe in it; some don't; I do."

"Very well, let's try it," said Bathsheba, bounding from her seat with that total disregard of consistency which can be indulged in towards a dependent, and entering into the spirit of divination at once. "Go and get the front door key."

Liddy fetched it. "I wish it wasn't Sunday," she said, on returning. "Perhaps 'tis wrong."

"What's right week days is right Sundays," replied her companion in a tone which was a proof in itself.

The book was opened — the leaves,

drab with age, being quite worn away at much-read verses by the fore-fingers of unpractised readers in former days, where they were moved along under the line as an aid to the vision. The special verse in the Book of Ruth was sought out by Bathsheba, and the sublime words met her eye. They slightly thrilled and abashed her. It was Wisdom in the abstract facing Folly in the concrete. Folly in the concrete blushed, persisted in her intention, and placed the key on the Book. A rusty patch immediately upon the verse, caused by previous pressure of an iron substance thereon, told that this was not the first time the old volume had been used for the purpose.

"Now keep steady, and be silent," said Bathsheba.

The verse was repeated; the Book turned round; Bathsheba blushed guiltily.

"Who did you try?" said Liddy curiously.

"I shall not tell you."

"Did you notice Mr. Boldwood's doings in church this morning, miss?" Liddy continued, adumbrating by the remark the track her thoughts had taken.

"No, indeed," said Bathsheba, with serene indifference.

"His pew is exactly opposite yours, miss."

"I know it."

"And you did not see his goings on?"

"Certainly I did not, I tell you."

Liddy assumed a smaller physiognomy, and shut her lips decisively.

This move was unexpected, and proportionally disconcerting. "What did he do?" Bathsheba said perforce.

"Didn't turn his head to look at you once all the service."

"Why should he?" again demanded her mistress, wearing a nettled look. "I didn't ask him to."

"O no. But everybody else was noticing you; and it was odd he didn't. There, 'tis like him. Rich and gentlemanly, what does he care?"

Bathsheba dropped into a silence intended to express that she had opinions on the matter too abstruse for Liddy's comprehension, rather than that she had nothing to say.

"Dear me—I had nearly forgotten the valentine I bought yesterday," she exclaimed at length.

"Valentine! who for, miss?" said Liddy. "Farmer Boldwood?"

It was the single name among all possible wrong ones that just at this moment

seemed to Bathsheba more pertinent than the right.

"Well, no. It is only for little Teddy Coggan. I have promised him something, and this will be a pretty surprise for him. Liddy, you may as well bring me my desk and I'll direct it at once."

Bathsheba took from her desk a gorgeously illuminated and embossed design in post-octavo, which had been bought on the previous market-day at the chief stationer's in Casterbridge. In the centre was a small oval enclosure; this was left blank, that the sender might insert tender words more appropriate to the special occasion than any generalities by a printer could possibly be.

"Here is a place for writing," said Bathsheba. "What shall I put?"

"Something of this sort, I should think," returned Liddy promptly:

The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Carnation's sweet,
And so are you.

"Yes, that shall be it. It just suits itself to a chubby-faced child like him," said Bathsheba. She inserted the words in a small though legible handwriting; enclosed the sheet in an envelope, and dipped her pen for the direction.

"What fun it would be to send it to the stupid old Boldwood, and how he would wonder!" said the irrepressible Liddy, lifting her eyebrows, and indulging in an awful mirth on the verge of fear as she thought of the moral and social magnitude of the man contemplated.

Bathsheba paused to regard the idea at full length. Boldwood's had begun to be a troublesome image—a species of Daniel in her kingdom who persisted in kneeling eastward when reason and common sense said that he might just as well follow suit with the rest, and afford her the official glance of admiration which cost nothing at all. She was far from being seriously concerned about his non-conformity. Still, it was faintly depressing that the most dignified and valuable man in the parish should withhold his eyes, and that a girl like Liddy should talk about it. So Liddy's idea was at first rather harassing than piquant.

"No, I won't do that. He wouldn't see any humour in it."

"He'd worry to death," said the persistent Liddy.

"Really, I don't care particularly to send it to Teddy," remarked her mis-

tress. "He's rather a naughty child sometimes."

"Yes — that he is."

"Let's toss, as men do," said Bathsheba, idly. "Now then, head, Boldwood; tail, Teddy. No, we won't toss money on a Sunday, that would be tempting the devil indeed."

"Toss this hymn book; there can't be no sinfulness in that, miss."

"Very well. Open, Boldwood — shut, Teddy; no, it's more likely to fall open. Open, Teddy — shut, Boldwood."

The book went fluttering in the air and came down shut.

Bathsheba, a small yawn upon her mouth, took the pen, and with off-hand serenity directed the missive to Boldwood.

"Now light a candle, Liddy. Which seal shall we use? Here's a unicorn's head — there's nothing in that. What's this? — two doves — no. It ought to be something extraordinary, ought it not, Lidd? Here's one with a motto — I remember it is some funny one, but I can't read it. We'll try this, and if it doesn't do we'll have another."

A large red seal was duly affixed. Bathsheba looked closely at the hot wax to discover the words.

"Capital!" she exclaimed, throwing down the letter frolicsomenely. "'Twould upset the solemnity of a parson and clerk too."

Liddy looked at the words of the seal, and read —

"Marry me."

The same evening the letter was sent, and was duly sorted in Casterbridge post-office that night, to be returned to Weatherbury again in the morning.

So very idly and unreflectingly was this deed done. Of love as a spectacle Bathsheba had a fair knowledge; but of love subjectively she knew nothing.

CHAPTER XIV.

EFFECT OF THE LETTER: SUNRISE.

AT dusk, on the evening of St. Valentine's Day, Boldwood sat down to supper as usual, by a beaming fire of aged logs. Upon the mantel-shelf before him was a time-piece, surmounted by a spread eagle, and upon the eagle's wings was the letter Bathsheba had sent. Here the bachelor's gaze was continually fastening itself, till the large red seal became as a blot of blood on the retina of his eye;

and as he eat and drank he still read in fancy the words thereon, although they were too remote for his sight,

"Marry me."

The pert injunction was like those crystal substances, which, colourless themselves, assume the tone of objects about them. Here, in the quiet of Boldwood's parlour, where everything that was not grave was extraneous, and where the atmosphere was that of a Puritan Sunday lasting all the week, the letter and its dictum changed their tenor from the thoughtlessness of their origin to a deep solemnity, imbibed from their accessories now.

Since the receipt of the missive in the morning, Boldwood had felt the spherical completeness of his existence heretofore to be slowly spreading into an abnormal distortion in the particular direction of an ideal passion. The disturbance was as the first floating weed to Columbus — the contemptibly little suggesting possibilities of the infinitely great.

The letter must have had an origin and a motive. That the latter was of the smallest magnitude compatible with its existence at all, Boldwood, of course, did not know. And such an explanation did not strike him as a possibility even. It is foreign to a mystified condition of mind to realize of the mystifier that the very dissimilar processes of approving a course suggested by circumstance, and striking out a course from inner impulse and intention purely, would look the same in the result. The vast difference between starting a train of events, and directing into a particular groove a series already started, is rarely apparent to the person confounded by the issue.

When Boldwood went to bed, he placed the valentine in the corner of the looking-glass. He was conscious of its presence, even when his back was turned upon it. It was the first time in Boldwood's life that such an event had occurred. The same fascination that caused him to think it an act which had a deliberate motive prevented him from regarding it as an impertinence. He looked again at the direction. The mysterious influences of night invested the writing with the presence of the unknown writer. Somebody's — some *woman's* — hand had travelled softly over the paper bearing his name: her unrevealed eyes had watched every curve as she formed it:

her brain had seen him in imagination the while. Why should she have imagined him? Her mouth—were the lips red or pale, plump or creased?—had curved itself to a certain expression as the pen went on—the corners had moved with all their natural tremulousness: what had been the expression?

The vision of the woman writing, as a supplement to the words written, had no individuality. She was a misty shape, and well she might be, considering that her original was at that moment sound asleep and oblivious of all love and letter-writing under the sky. Whenever Boldwood dozed she took a form, and comparatively ceased to be a vision: when he awoke there was the letter justifying the dream.

The moon shone to-night, and its light was not of a customary kind. His window only admitted a reflection of its rays, and the pale sheen had that reversed direction which snow gives, coming upward and lighting up his ceiling in a phenomenal way, casting shadows in strange places, and putting lights where shadows had used to be.

The substance of the epistle had occupied him but little in comparison with the fact of its arrival. He suddenly wondered if anything more might be found in the envelope than what he had withdrawn. He jumped out of bed in the weird light: took the letter, pulled out the flimsy sheet, shook the envelope—searched it. Nothing more was there. Boldwood looked, as he had a hundred times the preceding day, at the insistent red seal: "Marry me," he said aloud.

The solemn and reserved yeoman again closed the letter, and stuck it in the frame of the glass. In doing so he caught sight of his reflected features, wan in expression, and insubstantial in form. He saw how closely compressed was his mouth, and that his eyes were widespread and vacant. Feeling uneasy and dissatisfied with himself for this nervous excitability, he returned to bed.

Then the dawn drew on. The full power of the clear heaven was not equal to that of a cloudy sky at noon, when Boldwood arose and dressed himself. He descended the stairs and went out towards the gate of a field to the east, leaning over which he paused and looked around.

It was one of the usual slow sunrises of this time of the year, and the sky, pure violet in the zenith, was leaden to the northward and murky to the east,

where, over the snowy down or ewe-lease on Weatherbury Upper Farm, and apparently resting upon the ridge, the only half of the sun yet visible burnt incandescent and rayless, like a red and flameless fire shining over a white hearth-stone. The whole effect resembled a sunset as childhood resembles age.

In other directions, the fields and sky were so much of one colour by the snow, that it was difficult in a hasty glance to tell whereabouts the horizon occurred; and in general there was here, too, that before-mentioned preternatural inversion of light and shade which attends the prospect when the garish brightness commonly in the sky is found on the earth, and the shades of earth are in the sky. Over the west hung the wasting moon, now dull and greenish-yellow, like tarnished brass.

Boldwood was listlessly noting how the frost had hardened and glazed the surface of the snow, till it shone in the red eastern light with the polish of marble; how, in some portions of the slope, withered grass-bents, encased in icicles, bristled through the smooth wan coverlet in the twisted and curved shapes of old Venetian glass, and how the footprints of a few birds, which had hopped over the snow whilst it lay in the state of a soft fleece, were now frozen to a short permanency. A half-muffled noise of light wheels interrupted him. Boldwood turned back into the road. It was the mail-cart—a crazy, two-wheeled vehicle, hardly heavy enough to resist a puff of wind. The driver held out a letter. Boldwood seized it and opened it, expecting another anonymous one. So greatly are people's ideas of probability a mere sense that precedent will repeat itself, that they often do not stop to think whether the fact of an event having once occurred is not in many cases the very circumstance which makes its repetition unlikely.

"I don't think it is for you, sir," said the man, when he saw Boldwood's action. "Though there is no name, I think it is for your shepherd."

Boldwood looked then at the address:

*To the New Shepherd,
Weatherbury Farm,
Near Casterbridge.*

"Oh—what a mistake!—it is not mine. Nor is it for my shepherd. It is for Miss Everdene's. You had better take it on to him—Gabriel Oak—and say I opened it in mistake."

At this moment, on the ridge, up against the blazing sky, a figure was visible, like the black snuff in the midst of a candle-flame. Then it moved and began to bustle about vigorously from place to place, carrying square skeleton masses, which were riddled by the same rays. A small figure on all fours followed behind. The tall form was that of Gabriel Oak; the small one that of George; the articles in course of transit were hurdles.

"Wait," said Boldwood. "That's the man on the hill. I'll take the letter to him myself."

To Boldwood it was now no longer merely a letter to another man. It was an opportunity. Exhibiting a face pregnant with intention, he entered the snowy field.

Gabriel, at that minute, descended the hill towards the right. The glow stretched down in this direction now, and touched the distant roof of Warren's Malthouse — whither the shepherd was apparently bent. Boldwood followed at a distance.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE PRINCE PRINTERS OF ITALY.

THE rivalries and jealousies of the Italian States, their struggles for liberty, and their individual feuds, have been a common theme with historians of the Middle Ages.

But however deplorable may have been the effect of such a continual state of civil war upon the general welfare of the country, it has not been altogether barren of good results.

The rulers of the various Italian States were indeed always striving to outshine each other in the splendour and magnificence of their Courts, but they cherished at the same time a far nobler emulation. They soon perceived that genius of any kind was the brightest ornament which they could obtain for their respective Courts, and that, by the protection which they vied with one another in affording to literature and art, they secured celebrity at the time, and a lasting renown for the future. They were, therefore, at all times careful to cherish and kindle the smouldering fire of that native genius which was the special heritage of Italy, and which she preserved through all the rude vicissitudes of external conquest and internal warfare.

In Italy first appeared that dawn of light, destined in its meridian splendour

to dissipate the dense ignorance into which Europe generally was plunged. The earliest efforts of her language, half a century before Dante wrote the poem which so largely contributed to form it, were protected and fostered at the Court of Frederick II. King of Sicily. To touch only upon great examples:—In 1316 we find Dante entertained at the Court of the Scaligeri at Verona, and the princely hospitality of his host is immortalized in that portion of the "Divina Commedia" which, as a further proof of Dante's gratitude, was dedicated to Can Grande della Scala—"Il Gran Lombardo," as the poet calls him.

Similar hospitality was shown to Dante during the last years of his life by Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna; and Petrarch, following closely upon the footsteps of Dante, was sought after and honoured by all the princes of Italy, as we have recently shown in these pages. Nor did the princes only extend their favour to what may be called the creative genius of the thirteenth century; they were also foremost in promoting that research among the long-lost classics which was the distinguishing mark of the next century.

This research, first begun by Petrarch and Boccaccio, and pursued with infinite labour in circumstances of great difficulty, received in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries very general encouragement. The Pontiffs in Rome, the Medici in Florence, the Visconti, afterwards succeeded by the Sforza, at Milan, the Arragon kings of Naples, the Houses of Gonzaga in Mantua, and of Este in Ferrara, the Dukes of Urbino—all promoted this revival of learning. They sent emissaries to all parts of the world for the purpose of collecting manuscripts, and no journey was accounted too dangerous or too protracted to obtain them. Pre-eminently, Lorenzo de' Medici spared neither trouble nor expense in his researches. He sent to explore both Europe and Asia for Greek and Latin manuscripts, which, when brought to him, he purchased at any price; and twice, with a magnificence worthy of his name, did he despatch the celebrated Giovanni Lascari to the Sultan Bajazet, in order that under the Imperial protection he might carry his researches through Greece. Two hundred manuscripts, of which eighty were new discoveries, were the result of these journeys.*

* Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. vi. p. 137.

On the discovery of the twelve comedies of Plautus in 1429,—for up till that time only eight were supposed to exist—copies of the manuscript had immediately to be made for the several Houses of Visconti, of Este, and of the Medici. It is further related as a proof of the esteem in which these treasures of classical learning were held by the princes, that a manuscript of Livy's Annals, sent by Cosmo de' Medici to Alfonso, King of Naples, sufficed to appease a quarrel between them; though the king was counselled by his physicians to examine it carefully lest Cosmo should have introduced poison between the leaves.*

But none of the princes of this time deserves so much praise as an encourager of learning as Nicholas V. (Thomas Sarzana), who became Pope in 1447. He founded the Vatican Library, and left it at his death enriched with 5,000 volumes, a treasure far exceeding that of any other collection in Europe. Every scholar who needed maintenance, found it at the Court of Rome, and the works of several Greek authors were translated into Latin, by order of Pope Nicholas V.†

Almost all the works of the classical authors were either found in Italy or elsewhere by Italians, and the enthusiasm which had been shown in collecting manuscripts next took the form of bestowing them in those magnificent libraries which are among the great wonders of Italy. Niccolò Niccoli, a Florentine of eminent learning, first conceived the idea, and founded the first public library in the convent of the S. Spirito at Florence, of which Boccaccio's private collection of books was the germ, he having left them as a legacy to that convent. From this eventually sprang the famous Medicean library, only one among many of the princely libraries of Italy.

The fall of the Eastern Empire towards the middle of this century compelled the Greeks in considerable numbers to seek a refuge in Italy, when they further disclosed those immortal monuments of their language which the Crusades had been the first means of revealing to the European mind. Thus a new and still more powerful stimulus was given to the general desire for information.

This thirst was very partially relieved while the fountain of learning continued to trickle out, drop by drop, through the difficult and costly channels of copies and

transcriptions. But the wonderful discovery of Gutenberg suddenly opened the spring, and diffused the long-peat-up waters of learning over the civilized world.

Printing could not have been invented at a more propitious moment for the perfecting of this wondrous art. The especial circumstances of the age caused it to be universally appreciated, and it seemed to crown the joint labours of the princes and learned men with a success which, in their wildest dreams, they could not have expected to attain.

Although Germany must fairly claim the honour of this great invention, it has never been questioned that Italy was the first to follow in her footsteps; and it is worthy of notice how quickly she adopted and succeeded in appropriating to herself the invention of another country. This was only natural. Abundantly rich in her own talents, she had no cause to envy a foreign discovery, and at that moment of supreme activity of mind she did not hesitate to adopt the new invention, although it did not originate with her. On the contrary, nursed and cherished in the centre of art and learning, printing soon reached its highest perfection.

The rude wooden movable characters, Gutenberg's great discovery and improvement on the still ruder engraved blocks of wood, from which the so-called "block-books" were printed, and which was the earliest form of the art*—were now discarded for types cut by the artist-hand of a Francia; men of profound erudition and cultivated talents were employed to select and revise the manuscripts about to be printed; while princes were willing to devote much of their wealth, and even to sacrifice a portion of their territories, to this new and wonderful method for the diffusion of knowledge.

Thus when Aldo Manuzio, who may be rightly called the father of Italian typography, first set up his printing-press in Venice, it was Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi, who defrayed the costs—whose family name of "Pio" Aldo was permitted to bear, on account of the great affection and intimacy which existed between them, and by it the princes of Italy will always be associated with the first great printer of their country.

Before proceeding to speak of Aldo, whose life and works are more generally known, some few words should be said

* Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* vol. vi. p. 126.

† Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 143.

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* Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 150. "This mode of printing from blocks of wood has been practised in China from time immemorial."

about his patron, whose remarkable talents and singular excellence, while they deserved a better fate in his lifetime, have been allowed to remain too long in obscurity after his death. Tiraboschi* the great historian of Italian literature, first brought them to the light. Till that time no one had ever written any account of the life of the Alberto Pio. He was the son of Leonello, Prince of Carpi, a small principality, now only a town in the present Duchy of Modena. His mother was the sister of Pico della Mirandola, the accomplished friend of Lorenzo de' Medici. It had been arranged that Alberto Pio, and his brother Leonello, should divide the principality with Giberto and his brothers, the descendants of another branch of the same family. This division of authority, especially when the state to be governed was of small dimensions, caused, as may easily be imagined, fierce and continual dissensions, and the estates of the Pio family were the scene of perpetual warfare. As usual, the Emperor of Germany was appealed to, and, as usual, no good result ensued. The neighbouring Dukes of Ferrara also strove more than once to appease the quarrel in Carpi. But the truces were always of short duration, until in the year 1500, Giberto, in order to revenge himself on his cousin Alberto, sold his rights over the principality of Carpi to the Duke of Ferrara, receiving in exchange a few towns belonging to the dukedom.

Thus did Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, first obtain a hold over the principality of Carpi, and his successor, Alfonso, was not slow to avail himself of this semblance of a right. By the payment of 100,000 florins to the Emperor Charles V., he obtained from him in 1552 the investiture of the principality, in defiance of a former decree of the Emperor Maximilian, which upheld the rights of Alberto Pio and annulled the cession made by Giberto to the Dukes of Ferrara. The Prince of Carpi, when thus robbed of his dominions, retired to the Court of Francis the First, and found his best consolation in those literary pursuits which in his brighter days he had so liberally protected.

Passing by the further political vicissitudes of Carpi before its final absorption into the Duchy of Ferrara, which have but a remote bearing on the subject of this paper, we will now look upon her

Prince from a literary point of view. Our admiration for the eminence which he obtained, both in the cultivated use of his own mind and in his endeavours to promote it in others, is increased by the consideration of the perpetual state troubles by which he was harassed. From his earliest years, at the age of four, he was the pupil of Aldo Manuzio,* and for nine years he enjoyed the advantage of so distinguished a tutor, whereby he acquired a permanent taste for literature. The gratitude which the young prince felt on this account to Aldo, lasted through life, and showed itself on every occasion. Aldo, on the other hand, had the highest esteem for his young pupil, and paid a striking tribute to his zeal for learning in dedicating to him the first volume of his magnificent edition of Aristotle of 1495, called "Editio Princeps."† In this dedication, Manuzio addresses Alberto Pio as the patron of all learned men, his own patron more especially; adverts to his enthusiasm for collecting Greek books, thus following in the footsteps of his learned uncle, Pico della Mirandola; and dwells upon the fair promise of his early years, so admirably spent in the improvement of his own mind and in endeavouring to promote the revival of learning, since he had for many years been indefatigable in collecting Latin, Greek, and Hebrew manuscripts, while he entertained with a princely magnificence the most learned men he could find, to correct and explain them.‡

Of a similar nature is the eulogium of Federigo Asolano, who also dedicated to the Prince of Carpi the second volume of the works of Galen. But Aldo Manuzio was more especially bound to express his sense of obligation to Alberto Pio, for, together with his uncle, Pico della Mirandola, this prince had formed a design which may well entitle them to be called the "Prince Printers of Italy." Their scheme was to publish an entire set of new and correct editions of Latin and Greek authors, in order the better to promote the study of the two languages.

The greatest printer of the age, Aldo Manuzio, was chosen to execute their project, which Erasmus, in his "Proverbs," afterwards printed by Aldo, rightly terms one of princely magnificence: for it included the restoration of litera-

* Manni, *Vita di Aldo Pio Manuzio*, p. 9.

† This edition of Aristotle was in five vols., the first bearing date 1495, the last 1498. — HALLAM, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. pp. 224, 225.

‡ Tiraboschi, vii. p. 291.

* *Storia*, vol. vii. pp. 236, 283, et seq.

ture fast falling to decay; the disinterment of that which had lain concealed for ages; the supply of what was deficient; the correction, by careful comparison, of manuscripts which appeared erroneous.*

For this purpose Alberto Pio, although according to Rénouard he was then only twelve years old, and his uncle, Pico della Mirandola, wished to set up a magnificent printing-press in Carpi for Aldo Manuzio, giving him absolute possession of one of his castles in which to carry on the work, and even as a further mark of honour investing him with the government of a part of his territory. An Academy of Arts and Sciences was to be included in the scheme, in order that these might flourish in his dominions, and Carpi be the centre whence the Aldine editions should emanate. Unhappily, so splendid a design was frustrated by the political disturbances already alluded to, and Aldo had to betake himself to Venice, where he set up, in 1488,† his famous printing-press, the cost of which was defrayed by the two princes, Alberto Pio and Pico della Mirandola, who by no means abandoned that part of the project because they could not have the glory of executing it in their own dominions. On the contrary, they gave large sums of money for this purpose, and throughout the various vicissitudes of the life of Aldo these two princes, despite their own political troubles, continued to befriend him. The printing-press thus established at Venice had a marvellous success. Before twenty years elapsed there was scarcely a Greek or Latin author whose works had not issued from it in one of those beautiful editions now so rare and so eagerly coveted.

The full merit of these editions can only be rightly appreciated when we consider that the manuscripts from which they were printed were often imperfect, mutilated, and half effaced; the copies of the same author not always agreeing together, and demanding as much patience, wisdom, and sagacity on the part of the critic as manual dexterity on the part of the printer.

Hitherto books had been usually printed in folio, but Manuzio was first inspired with the idea of publishing them in a smaller and more convenient form.

* Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 242.

† Manni, *Vita di Aldo Pio Manuzio*, p. 12. There have been various opinions as to the exact date of this event, but Manni founds his assertion on Aldo's Preface to Aristotle, dated 1495, in which Aldo affirms that he has been seven years engaged in the "difficult and costly undertaking of printing."

In order to compress the contents of these folios into the 8vo size which he invented, and which has since become so common a form of volume, he caused to be engraved that peculiar kind of type, which for a long time bore the name of the "Aldine Type," and which we now term "Italic."

It was originally copied from the handwriting of Petrarch in the manuscript of the "Canzoniere," and the characters to which Aldo owes so much of his fame, and which may justly claim our admiration for the grace and taste of their forms, are supposed, with good reason, to have been cut by no less a hand than that of the great artist Francesco Raibolini, or "Il Francia."

From the beginning of the invention of printing, the types were for the most part engraved by either goldsmiths, coiners, or engravers of some kind or another, and the chief masters in the art were always chosen for this purpose. It is well known that "Francia" was unrivalled in his goldsmith work; that the medals and money stamped with coins of his engraving were equal to those of the famous "Caradosso" of Milan, and that when employed to paint the Altar-piece of the Bentivoglio Chapel, he signed his work "Franciscus Francia, Aurifex," as if to denote that he was by profession a goldsmith, and not an artist.*

The first time that this type was employed was in the edition of Virgil published by Aldo in 1501, and he is careful to acknowledge his obligation to the great artist in the following inscription:—

In Grammatoglyptæ Laudem
Qui graiis dedit Aldus, in latinis
Dat nunc Grammata scalptra dædaleis
Francisci manibus Bononiensis.†

It is only much to be lamented that Aldo did not continue to act in accordance with this acknowledgment. Far from doing so, he obtained from the Government of Venice a monopoly for the use of these types during a period of ten years, and three successive Popes—Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X.—laboured to secure Aldo this monopoly, while it was forbidden to Francia to cut

* Lanzi, *Storia Pittorica dell' Italia*, vol. v. p. 20.

† Rénouard, *Annales des Aldes*, vol. i. p. 165. There has been some doubt as to whether this Francisci was the same person as the famous Francia, but Sir Antonio Panizzi, in a beautiful little treatise (from whence this information has been drawn) entitled "Chi era Francesco da Bologna," and privately printed in 1856, proves this point to the satisfaction of all his readers. See also Blade, *Life of Caxton*, vol. ii. p. 24.

types for any one else, and to all, save Aldo, was their use forbidden. In all the history of monopolies and privileges one more odious than this could hardly be found. Even admitting, as it is commonly urged, that Aldo first invented the characters to which he gave his name, the mere fact of their having been executed by another hand ought to have restrained him from demanding, and the Government from according, so unjust and so exclusive a monopoly. In the rare and beautiful edition of Petrarch which Francia published at Bologna, where he set up his printing-press after his separation from Aldo, is to be found, on the title-page, his lament that he had lost both the glory and the profit which he would have derived from the characters cut by his own hand, had not both fallen to the share of Aldo Manuzio. The rival printers of Soncino, near Cremona, who first printed the Hebrew characters, and who, although they afterwards set up their printing-presses throughout Italy, always preserved the name of their native town till it became a family name, declared also, without hesitation, that Aldo had usurped from Francesco da Bologna the honour of the invention and the design of the running characters.* They further added that no one was to be compared with Francia for skill in engraving, not only Latin and Greek, but also Hebrew characters.

It must, however, also in fairness be stated that Rénouard does his best to justify Aldo from this accusation, by asserting that the inscription in the Virgil is an all-sufficient acknowledgment of the artist's share in the invention of the running characters.† Be this as it may, it would still seem much to be regretted that even the semblance of so great a blot should rest on the character of a man who, like Aldo Manuzio, spent his whole life in efforts to contribute to the progress of the human mind and the advancement of civilization.

It is indeed difficult to form an idea of the enthusiasm with which Aldo laboured to place once more before mankind those grand productions of ancient classical literature which had so long been allowed to remain in obscurity. If he discovered a manuscript which had not yet been printed, he never ceased in his efforts till he had gained possession of it, regardless of trouble and expense. While he thus promoted the interests of learned men,

they in return gave him their best assistance. From all sides contributions of manuscripts flowed in, some for sale, and some sent gratuitously as gifts.

From 1501 to 1505 the Aldine Press was in the fullest activity, publishing all the principal classical and Italian authors in that smaller form of which the Virgil of 1501 had been the first sample. The transition from the cumbersome and expensive folios to these cheap and portable editions was so great a step in the progress of printing, that it appeared only second in importance to the discovery of the art itself.

Nor does the reputation of Aldo rest only on his printing, or even on his editorial labours, the Greek and Latin dissertations, prefaces, and criticisms with which he illustrated the books which issued from the press; he left behind him also some original works, chiefly of an instructive kind, of considerable merit. His first work was a Latin Grammar written to take the place of the old scholastic "Doctrinale" of "Alexandri da Villa Dei," written in barbarous and meaningless rhymes, which had been the torment of his youth. This was followed by a Greek Grammar, a Greek and Latin Dictionary, and other works, whose names cannot be inserted in this paper for want of space.

PART II.

SOME writers have affirmed that Aldo Manuzio first invented the Greek types. This, however, Rénouard declares to be only so far true that up to the time of Aldo, whenever a Greek passage occurred in a book, it was left blank to be filled up with the pen, because few of the printing establishments were furnished with Greek types. But Greek books, many of them of importance, were known to be printed before that time, such as the Grammar of Lascaris at Milan in 1476, a Homer at Florence in 1488, and others besides. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that Aldo was the first to introduce a great improvement in the existing Greek types, which were badly shaped and rudely cut, whereas he had new ones formed after the pattern of the best manuscripts. Moreover, Greek books, which had been printed slowly and at rare intervals, now issued from the great Venetian Press with astonishing speed. When Aldo had amply furnished himself with Greek and Latin types,* his next step was to

* Familiarly called "caratteri corsivi."

† *Annales des Aldo*, vol. iii. p. 22.

* A contemporary writer affirms that Aldo had silver types cast for his favourite editions. Another declares

adopt a peculiar device whereby his books might be distinguished all over the world. He chose with singular sagacity the mark of the Dolphin and Anchor well known to all, and which, adopted by English printers* and publishers, is still employed to adorn many of the choicest editions of our books.

The Dolphin was chosen because of the speed with which the fish is said almost to leap through the waves, while the Anchor, on the contrary, represents stability and repose. By these emblems Aldo meant to imply that, in order to labour to any purpose, the scheme of work must be carefully and maturely weighed, and then executed with rapidity.† It is said that two Emperors, Titus and Domitian, made use of the same emblem, and that Aldo was presented by a member of his Academy (Il Bembo), with a silver medal of the time of Titus, bearing the stamp of the Dolphin and Anchor. Although he had for some time entertained the idea of employing this device, it was only used for the first time in 1502, for a small 8vo Dante, and all the books which subsequently issued from his press bear this celebrated emblem. As might have been expected, there were many counterfeit dolphins and anchors employed by printers, who, disregarding the monopolies granted to Aldo, sought by the aid of this stamp, and by imitating his types, to pass off their books as productions of the celebrated Aldine Press. Among these were the Giunti of Florence, of whom Francesco d'Asola, a partner and relation of Aldo, bitterly complains in his Preface to the Titus Livius of 1518. He discovered their fraud by the fact of the dolphin's mouth being turned to the left, and not to the right, as in the Aldine stamp. Theodoric Martens, a Belgian printer, who died at Alost, in 1534 stamped his editions with a double anchor; to which

Erasmus, many of whose works he printed, makes allusion in his epitaph upon the printer:—

Here I lie, Theodoric of Alost.

The sacred anchor remains, emblem dearest to my youth.

Be Thou, O Christ, I pray, my sacred anchor now.*

The dolphin and anchor were indeed more or less imitated by many printers of this century at Paris, Basle, Cologne, Rome, Parma, &c. &c. John Crespin, of Geneva, placed them at the foot of a Greek Testament, with the initials J. C. and the following lines:—

Les agités en mer, Christ, seule ancre sacrée
Assure, et en tout temps seule sauve et recrée.

These printers, for the most part, adopted the device after the death of Aldo, but during his lifetime he suffered most annoyance from the printers at Lyons, who imitated his editions without scruple, and even copied his prefaces.

These frequent piracies at last compelled Manuzio to draw up a formal remonstrance, in which he pointed out the typographical errors and general incorrectness of the fraudulent editions. But even this the Lyonese printers turned to account, for they quickly extracted the erroneous sheets, which they replaced with new ones, corrected according to Aldo's remonstrance, and thus their fraud was doubly secured.

It is now time to speak of the Academy, the "Aldi Neacademia," formed by Aldo in Venice for the especial purpose of presiding over the editions of the classics, and ensuring their excellence and correctness. All the learned men of Italy of that time esteemed it an honour to belong to this Academy.† The name of Erasmus is also enrolled among the list of members. His "Adagia," as has been already stated, were printed at the Aldine Press, and Aldo announces, in the preface, that he had purposely delayed the printing of many classical editions in order to publish immediately this most excellent work. Erasmus, on the other hand, observes, in the same book, that "If some tutelary deity had promoted the views of Aldo, the learned would shortly have been in

that the Pope promised Paolo Manuzio a set of types in the same precious metal, "Argentei typi;" but Rénouard casts doubt upon this, declaring that the expense of casting types in silver would have been too great. Nor would they have been sufficiently durable. On the same account, he refuses to believe that silver types were employed to print a Bible at Cambridge, by Field, in 1556.—*Ann. des Aldes*, iii. 85.

* As, for example, William Pickering, of London, with the inscription "Aldi Discip. Anglvs." His edition of the British Poets is in the small 8vo. form which Aldo had invented. The mark which he adopted for his books was the later and more finished impression of the Dolphin and Anchor, struck in the time of Paolo Manuzio, and technically termed "L'Ancre grasse." The original stamp of the Aldine Press, as employed by the great Aldo, appears in the books of Mr. Basil Montagu Pickering, the present publisher.

† *Annales des Aldes*, vol. iii. p. 97.

* "Hic Theodoricus jaceo prognatus Alosto.

Anchora sacra manet, notæ gratissima publi.
Christe, precor, nunc sis anchora sacra mihi."

† For a list of members see Rénouard, *Ann. des Aldes*, vol. iii. pp. 36-38.

possession not only of all the Greek and Latin authors, but even of the Hebrew and Chaldee, insomuch that nothing could have been wanting in this respect to their wishes.*

It is sad, however, to relate that this friendship between Aldo and Erasmus, which had been founded on mutual esteem, did not last. It was even exchanged for a dislike almost approaching to hatred, and difficult to account for. Whereas it had been the pride of Erasmus to assist in the correction of the great Venetian Press, he afterwards indignantly disclaimed having undertaken the correction of any but his own works, and is careful to explain that he never received from Aldo the wages of a corrector of the press. Some affirm that the Italian manner of living appeared to Erasmus frugal and parsimonious when compared with the good cheer of Germany or of his native country, and that he left Venice on that account. But a more probable solution would seem to be that as his opinions inclined towards those of Luther and his party, they became distasteful to Aldo, who had every reason to attach himself to the cause of the Popes, to whom he owed three successive monopolies. It is certain that, after the quarrel, whenever Aldo or his successors printed a book for Erasmus, they inserted the contemptuous designation of "Transalpinus quidam homo" in the title, instead of the name of the author, as if to signify his complete disgrace at the Court of Rome. Moreover, the Prince of Carpi, who had supplied the funds for establishing the Aldine Press, was strongly opposed to the views of Erasmus, and even went so far as to refute them in a work of much erudition. When Luther first began to declare his opinions, the eyes of the world were fastened on Erasmus as one of the most learned men of the age, to see which side he would embrace. While the Lutherans, in spite of the protestation of Erasmus, declared that he held their opinion, he was an object of interest to two parties in the Church of Rome: the one headed by Leo X., Clement VIII., and Cardinal Sadoletto, who tried by praise and flattery to keep him within the pale of the faith and to induce him to lay down those opinions which led him to be suspected; and on the other hand, those who thought it their duty to protest openly against him, to point out his errors and mistakes,

in order that others might not make shipwreck of their faith upon the same rocks which had wrought his ruin. Foremost among these was Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi. Erasmus, to whom the character and learning of this Prince were well known, and who had besides seen him often in Venice, remonstrated with him for the harshness of his language, to which Alberto replied in a learned treatise, dated May 12, 1526, pointing out to Erasmus the dangerous nature of his opinions, so little removed from those of Luther, at the same time praising both his genius and learning.

Erasmus defended himself against this attack, and the controversy continued. Theology had always been the favourite study of the literary prince of Carpi, and he now undertook an elaborate work, singularly free from the scholasticism of the age, eloquent in style, and full of erudition, in which he examines and compares the works of Erasmus and of Luther. This work he printed at Paris, where he had taken refuge after the sack of Rome, by the troops of Charles V. It was in the press when he died (1531), and was published in Paris that same year.*

These few fragments are all that can be collected of the history of a prince who has perhaps, literally, the most right to be called a Prince Printer of Italy, his name appearing in conjunction with that of the first Venetian Printer on the title-page of each one of those splendid volumes of Venetian typography as they issued from his press. His tutor and friend, the great Manuzio, whom he had been the means of so largely benefiting, and who in return, had spent his whole life in executing the vast literary designs of the prince, had pre-deceased him by some years. Aldo died in 1515, at the age of 66, before he could accomplish his cherished project of printing a Bible in three languages, — Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. One page only was executed of this great undertaking, but the beauty of the characters of all three languages, in each of which Aldo was an equally good scholar, is sufficient to show what a noble work the first Polyglot Bible would have been had he lived to execute his design.†

Aldo was by his own especial wish

* "Alberti Pii Carporum Comitiss Illustrissim et Viri longe doctissimi præter præfationem et operis conclusionem, tres et Viginth libri in locos lucubratorum variarum D. Erasmi Rotodami quos censet ab eo recognoscendos et retractandos." — *Ita. Storia*, vii. 297.

† For fac-simile of page see Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 44.

* Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, vol. i. p. 168.

buried at Carpi, in the Church of San Paterniano.

But the reputation of the Aldine Press, which he had founded, was not destined to expire with him, nor was the patronage of the princes of Italy only exercised in Carpi.

Paolo Manuzio, the third son of Aldo il vecchio, and the only one who followed the profession which his father had rendered so famous, was but three years old at the death of Aldo. The work of the Aldine Press was not, however, suspended on that account, but, still bearing the name of its illustrious founder, was maintained by Andrea Torresano d'Asola, the father-in-law of Aldo il vecchio, with whom he had entered into partnership on marrying his daughter, and who had assisted him in his pecuniary difficulties. Andrea was himself an adept in the art of printing, and, some years previous to his entering into this partnership, had purchased the printing establishment of Nicholas Jenson, another Venetian printer of some reputation, which thus became incorporated into the Aldine Printing House. The operations of this great firm were thereby still further extended, and were carried on by Andrea d'Asola and his two sons, Francesco and Federigo, during the minority of Paolo Manuzio.

The books printed during this period are marked

In ædibus Aldi et Andreæ soceri.

The stamp of the Press was preserved unchanged, with the addition of the peculiar mark of the Torresani—a tower with the letters A. T.—till the death of Andrea in 1529, when the establishment ceased to work for a few years.

It was re-opened in 1533, by the young Paolo Manuzio, who, although only twenty-one, inspired confidence both by his name and the diligence with which he had applied himself to his studies. In 1540 the partnership with his uncles, the Torresani, was dissolved. They went to Paris, where they set up, a few years later, a printing establishment, while Paolo, with the advice and assistance of his father's learned friends, conducted the Aldine firm at Venice. The books which now issued from this press bore either the inscription "Apud Aldi Filios" or "In ædibus Pauli Manutii." A new and more careful stamp of the dolphin and anchor was struck, which is termed by Italian booksellers "L'Ancora grassa," to distinguish it from that of Aldo il

vecchio. In 1546 the stamp underwent a still greater change, the anchor having, to use an heraldic term, two cherubs for "supporters" on either side, and the words "Aldi Filii" substituted for the single name, which, divided in two, "Al-Dvs," was formerly placed on either side the anchor.*

In the year 1571, the Emperor Maximilian II. conferred upon Paolo a patent of nobility, with the right to add the Eagle of the Empire to his coat of arms, which was the same as the mark of his press. But Paolo died before he could make use of this new device, and the only books which bear it were printed after his death by his son.

Paolo Manuzio, being now sole proprietor of the firm, applied himself diligently to follow his father's footsteps, and gave himself up entirely to literary and typographical labours. The editions which he issued from his press were universally famed for their beauty and correctness, and for the erudition of their notes and prefaces. His edition of Cicero of 1549 was considered the best and most important of any classical author yet published.† The "Aldi Neacademia," which his father had founded, and which had existed but a few years, was replaced in Paolo's time by a great "Accademia Veneziana," also called "Della Fama," from its emblem—a representation of Fame with the motto: "Io volo al ciel per riposarmi in Dio." It was founded in 1556 at the cost of Federigo Badoaro, a Venetian senator, and about a hundred of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Italy belonged to it, with Bernardo Tasso, father of the poet, as president. It was intended for the general encouragement of the arts and sciences, with the special objects of correcting the numerous mistakes of the old books on philosophy and theology, adding annotations and dissertations, and translating them into various languages. The printing was entrusted to the Aldine firm, and Paolo Manuzio was chosen as corrector of the press. He was, besides, appointed to fill the chair of eloquence in the Academy. In a short time many books were issued, which, for the beauty of their type, the quality of their paper, and the accuracy of their corrections, obtained a great reputation for this Academy. But, unhappily, the brilliant expectations to which this institution had given rise,

* For these various forms, see Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 98-101.

† Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 323.

were dashed to the ground by the bankruptcy of its founder, and the "Accademia della Fama" was as short-lived as the "Aldi Neacademia" had been. It struggled on for a few months after this catastrophe, until its complete collapse, after an existence of but four years, and thirty years went by before another Venetian Academy could be established.

Still, the manner in which Paolo Manuzio, during his brief connection with this institution, had discharged his functions, won for him a great reputation, so that when after its collapse he travelled through Italy for the purpose of visiting the fine libraries which it was the pride and glory of the princes to collect, it was the endeavour of each and all to retain him in their principality. The Senate of Bologna offered him a large sum to carry on his printing in their city, and the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este tried in the same way to retain him in Ferrara, but the honour of an Aldine establishment was reserved for the Imperial city. In the year 1539, the Cardinal Marcello Cervini and Alessandro Farnese had formed the design of setting up a printing-press in Rome for the purpose of printing the manuscripts of the Vatican. Antonio Blado Asolano, the printer selected to execute the design, previous to going to Rome, went to Venice to implore the assistance of the Aldine Press in the preparation of types, paper and other requisites for the undertaking. The Venetian firm gladly lent their powerful assistance, and beautiful editions of Greek and Latin authors soon issued from the Blado Press, of which the most remarkable was a Homer with the commentaries of Eustathius, published in 1542.

But it was the age of Luther, and the presses of the Holy See were required for other purposes than that of reproducing ancient classical authors. Pius IV. therefore summoned no less a person than the great Venetian printer to establish a branch of the Aldine Press at Rome, for the purpose of printing the works of the Fathers of the Church, and other ecclesiastical writers, in order to oppose some barrier to the flood of new opinions which was rapidly overspreading the world. At the cost of Pius IV., who, besides an annual salary of five hundred scudi, paid in advance the whole expense of the transfer of himself and family, Il Manuzio opened his printing-house in the Campidoglio, the very palace of the Roman people, and the books printed there

bear the stamp of "Apud Paulum Manutium in ædibus Populi Romani, 1561."

It would seem as if so classical a residence and so important an employment must have fixed Paolo Manuzio for ever in Rome. But nevertheless, from various reasons (and no satisfactory one has yet been discovered), either because his gains were not in proportion to his labours, or because the climate was not suited to his health, after the lapse of nine years he left Rome and returned to Venice.

Yet he was never able, after his sojourn in Rome, to settle again. He went both to Genoa and Milan, and in 1573 once more to Rome, for the purpose of visiting a daughter whom he had left in a convent there. Gregory XIII. then occupied the papal chair, but like his predecessor, he knew too well the value of a man of so great a literary reputation as Paolo to let him escape out of his hands. Gregory offered him an annual stipend, with entire liberty to attend to his own pursuits, if he would once more conduct the Aldine Press at Rome. Paolo agreed, but his second sojourn in Rome was shorter even than the first; not, however, this time from any inconstancy on his part, but because death overtook him early in the following year (1574). Although Paolo Manuzio was inferior to his father, in that he only maintained what Aldo had created, he was equal to him as a printer and editor. Some writers say that his taste as a critic was not so faultless as that of Aldo il vecchio, but his works place him among the most polished writers, both in Latin and Italian, of his age. His most famous Latin treatises are the two upon the Roman Laws and Polity.* In his letters Manuzio carefully copied the style of Cicero, whose letters he also commented on. The literary men of his time even went so far as to say that it was difficult to decide whether Manuzio owed most to Cicero or Cicero to Manuzio. But while Hallam places him among those writers of the latter part of the sixteenth century who were conspicuous for their purity of style, he blames him for too close an imitation of Cicero, which causes the reader soon to weary of his writings, however correct and polished they may be. Paolo Manuzio also wrote and published various small treatises in elegant and beautiful Italian.

* "De Legibus Romanorum," and "De Civitate."

—Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, i. 353.

He made a careful study of Roman antiquities, and was the first to discover on an ancient marble the Roman Calendar, which he published in 1555, with an explanation, and a short treatise on the ancient manner of counting the days. Like all eminent men he had his detractors, such as Gabriello Barri, who accused him of being a plagiarist, but the accusation was entirely without foundation.*

At the same time Tiraboschi blames Paolo for his discontent, and for his repeated complaints of the indifference shown by the princes of his time to the progress of literature. The short sketch of the life of Manuzio just given is sufficient to prove the injustice of these complaints, and Tiraboschi shows that at the time when they were made (1595) there was not a province in Italy without a prince whose pride and glory it was to cherish and protect literature and learning, and who has not left behind him the recollection of his munificent protection of science and art. But Manuzio was often hindered in his great labours by ill-health and weakness of eyes; and this may perhaps account for that peevish and querulous disposition which led him to find fault with the times in which he lived.

He left four children, but only one son — called Aldo, after his illustrious grandfather — was destined to maintain the family reputation.

Aldo "il giovane," so called to distinguish him from the founder of the family, seemed destined to fulfil the brilliant expectations suggested by his name, by publishing, at the age of eleven, a small collection of choice Latin and Italian authors, together with a treatise upon the two languages;† and this was followed in three years' time, by a more learned and more considerable treatise upon Latin orthography.‡

That his father must largely have assisted him in these two works can admit of little doubt; indeed, Rénouard§ suggests that it was probably the work of Paolo himself with some few contributions from his son, and that the father published the book in the name of Aldo in order to give him a brilliant start on his literary career.

His after reputation did not at any rate keep pace with so remarkable a begin-

ning, and the success which he did achieve was due more to his name than to his individual efforts. He profited by his residence at Rome during his father's lifetime to augment his collection of ancient inscriptions, by studying the monuments themselves instead of the accounts of them in books. He was thus able considerably to improve his work on Latin orthography, of which he published a new edition in 1566. This work, the fruit of great research, is even now consulted by those who wish to write or reprint Latin books.*

Paolo Manuzio entrusted his son with the management of the Aldine Press at Venice, himself conducting the branch which he had transferred to Rome.

The Venetian Press, under the superintendence of Aldo il giovane, did not so much produce new works as reprints of those editions on which its reputation was already founded. From 1540 to 1575 it was chiefly occupied upon the works of Cicero; and the most celebrated work of Aldo il giovane was his commentary upon the works of this author, in ten volumes. Five of these it must, however, be stated, were the work of Paolo, and only the latter five were added by his son.

In 1572 the young Aldo married Francesca Lucrezia, a daughter of a branch of that same Giunti family of printers who had been the early rivals of the Aldine Press. His career at Venice does not seem to have been very distinguished, although, perhaps more as a tribute to his name than his merits, he was made Secretary to the Venetian Senate, and other marks of distinction were conferred upon him. Yet he was not loyal to a city which had honoured himself and his family, or to an institution which had immortalized his name. In the hope of greater gains and a more extended reputation, he accepted the post of Professor of Latin Eloquence at Bologna, in the room of the learned Sigonius; and he left Venice (1585) never to return, having previously made over the famous press which bore his name to Niccolo Manassi.

Aldo il giovane had a full share of that princely favour which his father and grandfather had enjoyed. His Life of Cosimo de' Medici procured him the favour of Francesco, his descendant, the then reigning duke, who placed him in the chair of *belles lettres* at Pisa, through which he became a member of the Flor-

* See Tiraboschi, vii. 211.

† Eleganze insieme con la copia della lingua Toscana Romana, scelte da Aldo Manuzio, 1558.

‡ Orthographiæ Ratio ab Aldo Manuzio.

§ *Ann des Aides*, vol. iii. p. 176.

* *Annales des Aides*, vol. iii. p. 178.

entine Academy. At the same time he was offered a similar position at Rome, vacant by the death of the famous Latin scholar Muretus. This he at first refused, but it was kept open in the hope that he would one day accept it, which at last he determined to do. Yielding to the entreaties of Pope Sixtus V., he transferred himself and his vast library—the result of the united labours of his father and grandfather—to Rome in the year 1588. He fulfilled the duties of the Professor's chair during the lifetime of this Pope, and at his death in 1590, his successor, Clement VIII., gave Aldo, in addition to this post of honour, the more lucrative position of superintendent of the Vatican Printing Press. This responsible office he only held during five years, dying—it is commonly supposed, of a surfeit—in 1597. Such was the unsatisfactory end of an unsatisfactory life, which by no means fulfilled the brilliant promise of its early years. Dazzled by the glory of a premature reputation, Aldo neglected the profession which his father and grandfather had raised to so much honour; and instead of being, like them, the first printer of his age, filled an inferior place among literary men. It would seem also that he possessed more learning than taste in employing his knowledge, and that, while gifted with a retentive memory, he was by no means in other respects a genius. His works are those of a learned man, well acquainted with his subjects, but written in a dry, repulsive style. One of those supposed to be the most interesting is the "Life of Castruccio Castracani," the usurper who became Lord of Lucca. The life of this singular individual had already been written by Macchiavelli in Italian, and by Tegrini in Latin; but Aldo, dissatisfied with both these biographies, made a journey to Lucca for the purpose of consulting the public archives and family documents. With their assistance he published at Rome a new life of this extraordinary soldier of fortune, entitled, "Le Attoni di Castruccio Castracani degli Antelminelli, Signore di Lucca." It is praised by De Thou, and a new edition was published at Pisa as lately as 1820.

Aldo il giovane left no surviving children, and with him the family became extinct; while the Press which will forever bear their name, passed into other hands. He died, moreover, without a will, and the splendid library of 80,000 volumes, which it had taken three gen-

erations to collect, was divided among his creditors. Angelo Rocca wrote an epitaph upon the three Manuzii, in which, however, he shows an undue partiality for Aldo il giovane.*

The annals of the Aldine Family have been given the place of prominence in this paper, and pursued as closely as its brief limit will allow, because they illustrate not only the progress and perfecting of the typographical art in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but also the princely favour and patronage to which that art was in its infancy so much indebted. The circumstances also in which the Manuzii were placed, and the nature of their labours, give their history an interest which does not perhaps belong to that of any other printer. Nor are similar circumstances likely to occur again. Never again, as in the case of Aldo il vecchio, will it fall to the lot of any printer to exhume and rescue from destruction the ancient classics; nor will it again be the privilege of any prince to lend his countenance and supply the funds requisite for so arduous and so glorious a task.

"Reddo Diem" is the apt motto placed by Manni on the title-page of his life of Aldo Pio Manuzio, and it is not easy to determine whether the Venetian printer deserves most the gratitude of posterity for the light of knowledge which his discoveries shed upon the world, or for the preservation of that knowledge by an art which he brought to perfection and which seems to render a future dark era impossible. But although these two achievements may fairly give him the claim to be considered the chief printer of Italy, it must be admitted that in point of time others had preceded him. It is commonly supposed that the first Italian press was set up by two Germans, Sweinheim and Pannartz, in the monastery of Subiaco, then inhabited by German monks in the Roman Campagna. They first printed the works of Donatus, followed by those of Lactantius and the "De Civitate Dei" of St. Augustine.

From Subiaco the monastery was transferred to Rome, where it was under the patronage of the Popes, Paul II. and Sixtus V., who conferred the Episcopate of Aleria, in Corsica, on the corrector of

* "Aldus Manutius senior, moritura Latina

Græcæque restituit mortuæ ferme typis.

Paulus restituit calamo monumenta Quiritem

Utique alter Cicero scripta diserta dedit.

Aldus dum juvenis miratur avuncule patremque

Filius atque nepos, est avus atque Pater."

Rénouard, *Ann. des Aldes*, vol. iii. p. 208.

their press, Giannandrea dei Bussi, a man of great learning, but at that time in the very depths of poverty. Another bishop, Giannantonio Campano, bishop of Terramo, corrected the proofs of a rival printing-house, that of Udalrico Gallo at Rome.*

Before the time of Aldo, Venice had her printing-presses, one set up in 1469 by Giovanni da Spira and Vendelino his brother, another that of Niccolo Jensen, which, as has been already seen, was purchased by Andrea d'Asola, the father-in-law of Aldo.

In this same year books were also printed in Milan, which may boast of having printed the first Greek book, the Grammar of Lascaris, of Constantinople, in 1476, by Dionigi da Paravisino.

Florence was celebrated for the family of the Giunti, who attained a great reputation in their own city, and also established branches of their firm at Venice and Lyons. Luc-Antonio Giunta and Filippo his brother were the first printers in this family, and like the Manuzii, of whom they were often the not very scrupulous rivals, they published a great number of editions of the classics. Of these, the most celebrated was an edition of Plutarch's Lives in Greek, first published in that language by Filippo Giunta; while Bernardo, his son, published the celebrated edition of Boccaccio's "Decamerone."† The Giunti maintained their printing reputation through several generations, and their rivalries with the Aldine firm were finally extinguished by the marriage of the grand-daughter of Luc-Antonio Giunta with the grandson of Aldo il vecchio, in 1572. The family did not become extinct till the middle of the next century.

The art of printing spread in Italy with surprising rapidity, not only in the large cities, among which it was soon the exception to find one without a press, but also in the smaller towns, and even villages. Books were printed in St. Orso, near Vincenza; Polliano, near Verona; Pieve di Sacco, Nonantola, and Scandiano, in the duchies of Modena and Reggio; so that it may be fairly said that if Italy did not invent the art, she did her utmost to propagate it with rapidity.

Moreover, the influence of printing was not confined to the field, however vast and fruitful, of classical learning. It also penetrated into the wide and com-

paratively untried area of Oriental literature, and the restoration of the Greek and Roman languages was speedily followed by the study of the Eastern tongues, which, although necessary to the better knowledge of the sacred writings, had been for a long time neglected. The first Hebrew book ever printed is supposed to have been the Pentateuch, printed at Bologna in 1482, prior even to those issued by the famous Hebrew press at Soncino, already alluded to, which was established in 1484. In the next century the Hebrew language was studied to a considerable extent for controversial purposes, on the one side by the German Protestants, and on the other by the champions of the Roman faith. It was the favourite language of the great Bellarmine, himself a considerable Hebrew scholar.

The Syriac and Chaldee, closely related to Hebrew, were studied for the same theological purposes, also the Arabic, by far the most fertile in books. The first Arabic press was set up at Fano by the Venetian Giorgio, at the cost of Pope Julius II. It was the first press with Oriental types established in Europe, and although no book was issued from it during the life-time of that Pope, one year after his death (in 1516) there appeared the first attempts at a polyglot Bible in a Psalter printed in four languages, Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Chaldee, of which a Dominican, Agostino Giustiniani, was the editor.*

This instance of good-will, which in the midst of his devouring ambition Pope Julius II. manifested to literature and art, would have been more highly esteemed, had not his immediate successor, Leo X., the worthy son of Il Magnifico, opened another Augustan age for literature and learning in Italy. And yet an eminent literary historian observes, "that although these times are generally distinguished as the age of Leo the Tenth, I cannot perceive why the Italians have agreed to restrict to the Court of this Pontiff that literary glory which was common to all Italy. It is not my intention to detract a single particle from the praises due to Leo X. for the services rendered by him to the cause of literature. I shall only remark that the greater part of the Italian princes of this period might with equal right pretend to the same honour; so that there is no particular reason for conferring on Leo

* Tiraboschi, *Storia*, vi. 162, 166, 168.

† Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 341.

* Ginguéné, vol. vii. p. 239.

the superiority over all the rest." * Still, the patronage of the Holy See, which was accorded to the earliest beginnings of printing in Italy, was exercised with a continual munificence worthy of especial consideration. The Popes lost no opportunity of protecting and furthering the progress of an art whose manifold importance to the Holy See became daily more apparent.

Leo X. has been blamed, and not without reason, for cultivating the classics to the neglect of sacred literature. The two opposite historians of the Council of Trent (Fra Paolo Sarpi, and Pallavicino) seem to agree upon this point.†

A further witness to the devotion of this Pope to classical study and literature, appears in his edition of the first five books of Tacitus, purchased for five hundred "scudi" from the Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia, and printed and published at Rome in a new and costly edition at his own private expense, with the monopoly secured for ten years under pain of excommunication. The edition of Plato dedicated to him by Aldo Manuzio was also secured to the Venetian printer in a similar manner.

On the other hand, instances may be urged of the encouragement afforded by him to many learned men who devoted themselves to the study of the sacred writings. On being informed that Pagnini, a learned ecclesiastic then in Rome, had undertaken to translate the Bible from the original Hebrew, Leo requested to be allowed the inspection of this work. He also ordered that the whole should be transcribed at his own expense, and gave directions that it should be immediately printed.‡ Tesco Ambrogio of Pavia, who is said to have understood no less than eighteen different languages, was employed by this Pope to translate the liturgy of the Eastern clergy from the Chaldee into Latin, and was also appointed by him to a chair at the University of Bologna, where he delivered instruction in the Syriac and Chaldee languages. Moreover, the great Cardinal Ximenes dedicated his Complutensian Polyglot Bible to Leo, as an acknowledgment of the encouragement which he had afforded to Oriental learning. Leo the Tenth died in 1582. It was during the brief Pontificate of his immediate successors, nine of

whom filled the Papal chair in an interval of sixty-three years, that the Manuzii (Paolo and his son Aldo) were summoned to establish a branch of their printing press in Rome.

It was the glory of Sixtus V., elected Pope in 1585, to securely establish the Vatican printing-press. This press was principally intended for early Christian literature, and the dedication to him of the works of Gregory the Great, by Pietro da Tossignano, sets forth that infinite praise is due to Sixtus V., both for the idea and the execution of so magnificent a scheme as the publication of the Holy Fathers of the Church, whereby a great and solid advantage is obtained for the Catholic Faith. The splendid editions of the Vulgate and of the Septuagint, and many other works of great value, were the fruit of this last scheme of Sixtus V.

After the death of Aldo il giovane, the regulation of this press, which had been placed under his charge by Clement VIII., and upon which forty thousand scudi had been already expended, was confided to Domenico Borso. This expense does not appear so extraordinary when it is remembered that this press was furnished not only with Greek and Latin, but also with Hebrew and other Oriental characters, with paper of great value, and every other requisite for the perfection of this art. Above all, the most learned men of the age were paid high salaries to supervise and correct the editions which issued from it.

Many of the Cardinals imitated the example of the Popes. Even before Sixtus V. had conceived or executed his vast scheme, another, almost equally magnificent, had been carried into effect by Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici. In 1580 he opened a printing-press in Rome, with Oriental types, to be entirely devoted to the publication of books in Eastern languages, for the purpose of propagating the Roman faith among the people of the East, and bringing them into the fold of the Roman Church. Gregory XIII. placed under his care the two Patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch, and declared him also Protector of Ethiopia, thus committing the salvation of those far-off countries to his charge.

The Cardinal did not neglect his trust, but despatched learned and expert travellers throughout Syria, Persia, Ethiopia, and other Oriental provinces, in search of manuscripts, which they brought to Rome to be printed. First there issued from his Oriental press an Arabic and Chaldaic

* Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth* (from Andres, *Dell' origine d'ogni Letteratura*), i. 380.

† See their judgments—Sarpi, *Storia*, i. 11, 12; Pallavicino, *Conc. di Trento*, lib. i. cap. ii. p. 51.

‡ Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, vol. ii. p. 408.

Grammar, the works of Avicenna and Euclid, then the four Gospels, first in Hebrew, and afterwards in a Latin version, of which 3,000 copies were printed. He had also intended to print the Bible in six of the principal Eastern languages, in order that these, joined to the four already printed, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee, might make altogether a Bible in ten languages, the grammar and dictionary of each tongue also forming part of the work. But the simultaneous death of Pope Gregory XIII., and of his own brother Francesco de' Medici, whom he succeeded as Grand Duke of Tuscany, prevented the accomplishment of this design. His Oriental press, however, continued to work for many years. In fact, most of the books in Oriental types published at Rome in the beginning of the seventeenth century contain the imprint — "Ex Typographia Medicea linguarum externarum." These types were afterwards transported to Florence, and are still preserved in the Palazzo Vecchio.

Thus it may be said that both the Pontiffs and Cardinals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made use of their power no less than of their treasure in furthering the interests of science. Indeed, the dedications of the infinite number of books printed in this century, the letters of the learned men of the age, and all the various monuments of Papal magnificence which still exist in Rome, bear witness to this fact.

The two other princely houses which vied the nearest with Rome in munificence were those of Este and of the Medici. It would be difficult to decide which of these two carried off the palm in the opinions of contemporary writers. To Cosimo de' Medici Florence and all Tuscany, of which he was the Grand Duke, are indebted for the enthusiasm with which during his reign the arts were cultivated, and the perfection to which they were brought. The favour of this prince was also extended to printing, and at his own cost he sent for Arnaldo Arlenio, a German printer, established him in Florence, and associated him with Torrentino, whose beautiful editions date from 1548.

Torrentino's editions cease with the year 1563, and it is supposed that the wars in which Tuscany was then involved caused him and his associate to seek a more peaceful retreat in Mondovi, where the Duke Emmanuel Philibert is said to have entered into partnership with them. He at any rate assigned them a provision of twenty scudi a month for

three years, a fact of which Arlenio reminds him in a petition for the maintenance of his partnership with the heirs of Il Torrentino, and the payment of the promised provision, which, by some mistake, they had as yet not received. The Duke acceded to their request in a decree issued at Turin, March 15, 1571.*

The Duke of Ferrara did not suffer himself to be eclipsed by the magnificent patronage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Alfonso II. d'Este also opened a printing-press in Ferrara for the special purpose of printing works hitherto unedited, and manuscripts which he had acquired by diligent search.

So many famous printing-houses, established in every part of Italy, contributed to the general cultivation of literature. The multiplication of good copies of books rendered them accessible, not only to the princes themselves, but also to private individuals; while numberless new libraries were formed, and the famous old ones increased.

It would have been impossible in these few pages to do more than indicate how powerful was the assistance accorded by the princes to the art of printing during the first two centuries after its introduction into Italy. But enough has perhaps been said to prove that her potentates were fully aware of the great advantages to be derived from so wonderful an invention; more especially as it seemed to come as a reward for their incessant labours to promote the interests of literature, science, and art. Not only did the stores of classical learning thereby revealed to them repay their efforts, but the Pontiffs found also a return for their liberality in the spiritual weapons with which printing supplied them, out of the armoury of the early Fathers.

Such were some of the first effects produced in Italy by an art whose influence was scarcely less great over the other countries of Europe, although productive of different results. Printing reached its highest perfection shortly after its introduction into Italy. In point of rapidity of execution no doubt the quantity of printed matter issued in the present time is immeasurably greater. But, on the other hand, as to the quality of typography, there can be no comparison between the ephemeral productions of these days and those marvellous works, of which one alone would suffice to establish the reputation both of printer and editor.

* Note to Tiraboschi, vii. 218.

The early Italian editions are not only sought for and prized on account of their rarity, but also on account of their unrivalled beauty, the excellent quality of their paper, the brilliancy of their type, the largeness of their margins, and the careful attention bestowed on every typographical detail. Nor then, as now, were some extravagantly-luxurious editions issued side by side with others of startling inferiority, with bad paper and worse ink. The great printers of those days — the Aldi of Italy, the Elzevirs of Leyden, the Estiennes of Paris — printed for the general benefit of all readers. It is true that their publications were often dearer than the common productions of some inferior contemporary printer, but then these great printing-houses issued no bad editions — all were good, carefully executed, correct, and in good taste. So much for the manual labour which belongs to the printer; but if we turn to the intellectual share of the work which fell to the lot of the editor, there is still more to excite our admiration in the sagacity and erudition displayed in selecting the works most fitted for publication, and in arranging for their issue in the best possible manner. Looking back on those early days of printing, on the reverence with which the new discovery was employed, and the grand end which it subserved, we experience a feeling of regret that familiarity with its use should have placed in unworthy hands, and diverted often to unworthy purposes, perhaps the greatest discovery man was ever permitted to make.

"It is a very striking circumstance," says Mr. Hallam, "that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried, at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible,* and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. . . . We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven."

In Italy, also, as we have seen, printing was never employed except in the service of erudition, or, higher still, in that of Divine revelation.

* Commonly called the "Mazarin Bible," the edition being unknown until found about the middle of the last century in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. — Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, i. 153.

Thus contemplated, the art of printing seems raised above the ordinary level and bustle of common life, and surrounded by the same kind of dignified repose which especially belongs to the great libraries of Italy — those store-houses of accumulated science, the result of years of labour on the part of her learned men, and costly expenditure on the part of her princes.

There may have been many political and social evils connected with the division of Italy into a variety of States, each more or less despotically governed, but it must be owned that the emulation caused by that very fact stimulated a number of individual efforts whereby the treasures of classical learning were secured to the world, literature and the arts were cherished and protected, and the graver sciences promoted in the same manner. The rise and rapid progress of typography in Italy may also be traced to the same source. Italy has long sighed for unity and liberty, and, within the last few years, both these wishes have been accomplished. Great things are also expected from a form of government which seems to realize the wishes of her greatest sons. No longer

Son le terre d'Italia tutte piene di tiranni.

No longer does Rome

Vedova, sola, e di e notte chiama :

Cesare mio, perchè non m'accompagna ? *

Cæsar, in the person of a native monarch, sits firmly in the no longer empty saddle, and upon a free country now devolves the duty of cherishing the genius which may spring out of her inexhaustible soil ; yet must she never forget the debt which she owes to those princes by whose fostering care the great art of printing was upheld — during its early struggles for existence in Italy.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

* Purg. c. vi.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DISORDER IN DREAMLAND.

PART II.

MISS FULFORD fretted herself a good deal about this rumour of Lieutenant Hardinge's approaching removal from Wetton. She feared that his departure at any early date would give the death-blow to her hopes, which were now never over-lively. Lydia Tarraway, who re-

turned home the day after the dinner-party, did not write very speedily, and so left Gertrude much tormented by suspense. She owned to herself now that she had given her affections to Hardinge; and the prospect of his going away, never probably to be seen by her again, was almost more than she could bear. When she did meet Lydia, the information which that young lady had to give was not comforting. Lydia's brother Phil had been to stay for a few days at Plymouth, and had been commissioned to find out from some military acquaintances whether there was a regulation such as her militia friend had mentioned. The youth, not knowing how anxiously Gertrude waited for his reply, did not hurry to fulfil his errand, and thus it was some days before Lydia told her that the rule about recruiting was certainly as the militia officer had stated. Lydia, it is to be feared, was not without some little feeling of satisfaction at her friend's disappointment. She had herself condescended to think of fascinating Hardinge, and of course it wouldn't be pleasant to see a man who was insensible to her attractions fall a victim to her neighbour's. Miss Tarraway, however, by no means intended to waste in despair because this romance had come to nought. Though some years off the guilt and ignominy of old-maidenhood, she knew, nevertheless, that a good many shining hours had been allowed to slip away unimproved, and she was not in the least disposed to dally with flowers from which no honey was to be gathered. With an eye to building her cell, she had been, since her visit to Colkaton, investigating the Church interest of Mr. Norcott's family, and examining herself whether she could be content to settle down as the lady of a rector or vicar, and whether a young man who painted in oils could be a help meet for her. She saw with some little regret that Gertrude was unhappy; but then, why could not Gertrude do as other people had been obliged to do—give up romantic fancies, and turn her thoughts to designs that were practicable?

The evening parties which Hardinge had mentioned in his leave-taking at Colkaton duly took place. He was fairly attentive to Gertrude; but Admiral Taut-brace, who was likewise a guest, was so marked in his devotion, that if quantity could have made up for kind, the love-sick lady would have been amply compensated.

"I am sorry to hear that we are likely

to lose you soon," said Miss Fulford to the Lieutenant, as they danced together on one of the evenings. It cost a painful effort to say this with any appearance of indifference while her heart was fluttering and thumping like a flying beetle trying to steer himself along a wall.

"Lose me!" echoed Hardinge. "I think not. Who says so? It's very kind of you to express regret."

Her heart shook and drummed worse than ever as this answer caused a *renaissance* of hope. She could not get on with her quest but by putting great force on herself. "Oh, I understood—that is, I heard some one say that you had only come for a fixed time, and would have to go away soon: of course it isn't correct."

"There is a fixed time when I must rejoin my regiment; but it isn't soon. I've three or four months more of this work to do."

"Only three or four months?" inquired Gertrude, with an emotion which Hardinge did not perceive.

"Well, three or four months make a pretty good spell. It will secure me what remains of the winter amusements, give me a chance of some trout-fishing, and get me off the spring drills. By that time, you know, it will be high time for me to go in; I feel myself getting rusty as it is." Thus answered that insensible young man. There was only one ray of comfort (if comfort it could be called) in what he said. The man seemed perfectly heart-whole: there was no sign of a rival.

One can suppose how, with this trouble upon her, Gertrude chafed inwardly at the Admiral's attentions. But, as I have before hinted, it was not her nature to let others see much of what she felt; so, spite of the chagrin that was fretting her, she played her part with some spirit, replied without weariness to the Admiral's remarks, and even found herself able to take a few observations of the affairs of her friends.

"I am to have the honour this quadrille, am I not?" said Admiral Taut-brace, coming in from the tea-room. "They wanted me to sit down to a rubber—and there would have been plenty of time, as you were engaged for so many dances; but I said to myself—'If it should detain me only two minutes from the side of a certain fair lady that I know after she is disengaged, it would be a dearly bought amusement;' so I sauntered patiently about the rooms, and now

have been refreshing with a cup of tea. Will you come and do likewise? It is very hard upon us fellows who have passed our youth to have these whirligig dances come into fashion. I could foot a hornpipe when I was a middy, and steer a craft through a country-dance as well as any pilot going, — hands across, you know, down the middle and up again, lots of life in that — and now I can manage to walk through a quadrille; but old timbers would never stand twirling at that pace. Everything getting too fast, by George, I say! dancing on shore like teetotums, and sending hulls through the water with steam: all a mistake, depend on it; we shall have to come back to reasonable, sensible ways."

"But the waltz is very delightful, I assure you, with a partner, who, as you say, knows how to steer a craft."

"Then I shall say no more on that head, except to regret that when I passed as able to knot, reef, and steer, the art of navigating a maelstrom was not considered a necessary part of education. Our friend Miss Tarraway is not dancing so much as usual to-night."

"No indeed. As Mr. Norcott does not dance, Lydia and he appear to be enjoying each other's company in the sitting-down way."

"Happy curate! she has given up her waltzes to talk to him."

Hardinge came to see Gertrude to her carriage; but though she was glad to lean on his arm for only a minute or two, she was too well assured of his indifference, after the tone in which he had spoken of his departure, to go home with a lightened heart because he came to bid her good-night. Her spirit, which had endured so well while she was under the eyes of others, gave way as soon as she was alone, and the poor girl wept tears of poignant mortification. She felt certain that she must love the young officer forever, and could never love any one else; and she began to contemplate a heroic martyrdom, and to think about "the rose 't the bud," and "Patience on a monument," and so on. Poor soul! proud science never taught her to stray into the doctrines of woman's rights, but there did arise in her breast a little rebellious feeling against the restrictions to which her sex was subject. For when the idea of a martyrdom and smiling at grief began to look less captivating on further acquaintance, she asked herself who could say that, if the notion of falling in love with her once were suggested to Hardinge,

he wouldn't do it; and yet she might not do anything at all to make him understand how acceptable his affection would be. She had heard and read of shrewd observers who had penetrated secrets like hers, and by a word of well-timed exhortation or explanation had made everything smooth, and put two people in the way of making each other happy. Was there nobody to act the part of the kind fairy? Anon she would lose all patience with her beloved for being so obtuse and impassible, and then blame herself for blaming him, be overcome with tenderness, and cry again as if her heart would break.

Mr. Benjamin Saunders, as he rode home on the evening before mentioned, did not feel that his visit to Colkaton had been very efficacious — indeed he felt subdued and discouraged to a degree with which his sanguine nature was not familiar. By the time he got home he had decided that there were difficulties in his way, unlike what he had ever before encountered in paying his addresses, and that he was a donkey for ever thinking of a thing so hard of achievement. This was very like giving up the idea altogether; and when he began to think of the many quarters in which his attentions would be acceptable, he felt already consoled to some extent, and able to put aside his chagrin. He was kind and affable to his mother that evening, told her all about the grate, and what he proposed to do with it, and entered into two or three business matters so as quite to delight the poor old lady, who could not help expressing her satisfaction; which having done at some length, she unfortunately reverted to his flippant mention of Miss Fulford the night before, and proceeded to point out the folly of it.

"It may sound very free and independent, my son," said she, "but I never knowed any good to come of it. Gentry folks may bend themselves to we, but us mustn't never presume nothing with them. Well they know the difference betwixt us, and never forgets it. Chayney is chayney, and crockery is crockery."

His mortification returned when the young man found himself alone at night. He asked himself what could ever have set him on such a quest, and wondered how the deuce a sharp fellow like him, who could be so successful on his own level should have invited such humiliation. And then he remembered that it was his dream that had tempted him; and, his

mind once turned again to the dream, he couldn't help going over all its scenes, which came up now as vividly as when they were first presented. Once more he realized the blissful feelings produced by the vision, and felt his whole nature stirred by the touch of the old peer, and the sight of his coronet. "After all, could I be so wrong?" inquired Benjamin of himself; "that dream meant something — I'll be hanged if it didn't! There was no promise that all this jolly catch of fish was to be had without a little trouble and patience, or perhaps without a little disappointment, only that it is to be had; and by George! it's worth putting up with something for." His ambition revived, you see, as he reflected on the dream, and with it came a sense of shame at being so easily downcast. He had probably begun rashly and injudiciously; he would now set to work with more forethought. A moderate amount of rumination showed him that his main difficulty arose from his inferior station in life; and he was painfully impressed by his mother's remark about chayney and crockery. But then, although there was no denying that crockery is crockery, it was equally undeniable that crockery might by clever alchemy be transmuted to chayney. In brief, he perceived that the first step towards the attainment of his object must be social advancement for himself. This would have been difficult to most men in his position; but, as we have seen, he was bold and prompt. He did not let a day pass before he put an iron in the fire, as he called it.

Wetton boasted of a club, such as clubs in those days were. The Wetton Association played cricket and made excursions (sometimes giving picnics) in the summer; in winter it played cards once a-week and supped. Its meetings were held at the hotel. In order that it might be kept going at all, it had to be established on a somewhat broad basis. The auctioneer, appraiser, and land-surveyor (one and the same person) was a member, so was the cashier of the bank, so was the teacher of music and church organist, so was the young man who came originally to lecture at the Wetton Institution, and then remained to instruct youthful Wetton in Euclid, trigonometry, the use of the Gunter's chain, and geology. But for all that, it claimed to be a very blue-blooded society indeed; and if, like other orders of that kind, it occasionally admitted a somewhat doubtful candidate from necessity, it took care

to show that the condescension was great and exceptional. With all their broad base, the members could not produce a decent field of cricketers; and in order to insure play they were compelled to invite young men of all grades, down to mechanics and labourers, to join the sport, although these were not members. Now Benjamin, after his year at Plymouth, where he learned to play cricket if he did not acquire much book-lore, was frequently honoured by an invitation to "play with the club," which he highly prized; and once or twice when Wetton played Muggytown or Slushton, he had been of the eleven, having some reputation as a bowler, which reputation was set against another reputation which he bore of being a forward and not particularly agreeable young person. Hitherto he had been quite proud of this left-handed alliance with the club; but now when he began to cast about for a lift up the social ladder, he felt that the full rights of membership must form the first rung for him to mount by; accordingly he began to think over the possible means of reaching this dignity. His father's friend, and his own early preceptor, the schoolmaster, had a son of about Benjamin's age. This son had been wrought into a good mathematician, and sent to Cambridge, where he came out as a senior "op." Before taking orders, which was his destination, he had come home to spend a little time with his family; and the club, unsolicited, had shown its sense of the credit which he had brought to Wetton by electing him a member. Now this young Coryton (or Carryten as they were commonly called, partly from ignorant corruption of the name, and partly from the frequency of carrying ten in the old gentleman's instructions) was a sort of link between Benjamin and the club. They had played in the Wetton gutters together, stolen apples in concert, been, under a common sentence, wellnigh flayed (for old Carryten generally left his mark upon offenders, and didn't spare his own flesh), and were still great friends. Ben was not aware of having reflected credit on his native place except by his appearance and general style; but in every other respect he might aspire to the club as well as Coryton. He thought, too, it would only be reasonable of his friend to propose him, and so he asked him to do him that favour. Coryton, although he could do anything with figures and quantities short of squaring the circle, was very much Ben-

jamin's inferior in point of assurance. He would have preferred at most times not to put himself forward in the affairs of the club; but, elected as he had been, and that very recently, he saw a peculiar impropriety in attempting to introduce another member from his own stratum of society. Thus he was made excessively uncomfortable by Benjamin's request, and hardly knew how to answer it. "Look here, Ben," he said, after some hesitation; "don't fancy, old chap, that I wouldn't be delighted to have you a member, because I would, and you ought to know that I would; but you know I doubt if my bringing you forward would be the best means to insure success. Your chance of election would be much better if your name were put up by one of the older members."

"Perhaps so; but who, except yourself, is likely to do it for me? Why, dash it, Tom, you're as good a member as any of 'em, and have just as much right to propose a candidate."

"Let that be granted," answered the senior "op"; "still, proposing is a different thing from electing. Say that I enter your name, I must have a co-efficient, a seconder, you know,—and who will he be? If they take offence, and look upon me as an irrational quantity presuming on the favour they have shown me, we shall never make the proposal binomial: that is, my boy, we shall not get the two names necessary for candidature, far less shall we command the series that will secure election."

The impetuous Benjamin could not help seeing some reason in this, but he did not choose at once to acknowledge it, and he vented his vexation as if he had still to complain of Coryton's indisposition to help him. "By George!" he said, flinging away his cigar impatiently, "it seems a fellow might just as well be without a friend as have one."

"That is as much as to say that to have and not to have is the same thing, which is absurd. Given your friend, he is a unit, and valuable in his degree; but the problem is to find a multiplier that shall make you friends of the body of the club, and I don't, at this moment, see my way to the solution of it. What do you say to consulting my father? Father'll tell us what we had best do, and will help an old scholar if he can."

"Humph," replied Benjamin; "of course I've no objection to consulting the old gent, if I can only get him in a favourable humour."

"Well, then, Ben, he is likely to be expanded and raised to the *n*th power of graciousness to-morrow evening, when the tradesmen's club are going to present him with a snuff-box; catch him after that, and he'll be cleared of fractions and surds, and prepared to be dealt with by any process that you like."

"I'm a member of *that* club," responded Ben, "and can go if I like." (He didn't like, though.)

"Then go by all means. I shan't be there, because I don't belong to 'em. But you, being homologous, should attend and do him honour; when he's radiant, extract his opinion, and obtain his goodwill."

"All right," said Ben; and he went to give notice that he would be at supper. But Tom Coryton went to meet his father, who would be then just on his way home from the schoolhouse, to talk to him about this embarrassing matter. Tom was in high favour after having taken so good a degree, as may be supposed: the old gentleman's countenance brightened at the sight of him; he got a favourable hearing for his little trouble, and was, moreover, gratified by his parent's entire approval of the manner in which he had met Mr. Saunders's request.

"Right, Thomas, right: everywhere but here you are Mr. Coryton, the Bachelor of Arts, and high-class mathematician; and here, too, I hope, my son, you'll some day hold up your head with the best of 'em. But just now people won't forget that your old father is the writing-master, and they'd look down upon you for that if you were the head of a college. Wait a little; you'll be a clergyman before long, and I shall be out of your way. Then they'll forget about your origin, and be ready enough to recognize you."

"Don't talk that way, father, please," entreated Tom. "I don't want to be anything grander than you and mother, and I don't wish for any worship or any station where you can't be a witness, and where we shan't all be on the same level, just as we are now."

"You'll feel otherwise by-and-by, perhaps, my son," answered old Carryten, who was nevertheless touched by Tom's honest feeling. "But about Ben Saunders, now; I would lend him a hand for his old father's sake, if I knew how. I'll think about it. Pity that Ben isn't pleasanter. He wishes for people's good opinion, I'm sure, but he doesn't go quite the way to get it. I'll think it over, Tom, I'll

think it over, my son." And Tom knew very well that his father's interest was gained for his friend.

It was a fortunate thing for young Saunders that he was induced to attend the tradesmen's meeting. A very unfavourable impression would have been given if, on this first meeting of the society after his father's death, and on this opportunity of doing honour to his old schoolmaster and his father's friend, he had absented himself, as he certainly had intended to do; for he thought that now when he was resolved to move on a higher level, the less he had to do with the old low level the better—which, I am afraid, was no proof of his fitness for social promotion. At all events, there he was, and nobody had a right to suppose that he didn't come with all his heart. The members, all in their simple way, evinced sympathy with him, and he was asked to be one of the half-dozen picked members who stood out to receive old Carryten, the guest of the evening. Ben was rather pleased that he had come. He couldn't help being friendly when everybody was so cordial; and I fancy that he made himself very agreeable, pulling out a cigar when they were all taking their pipes, and damping the infernal punch, which he said was made with British rum and rotten lemons—not being considered ill breeding, but rather a proof of familiarity with the *beau monde*.

The presentation of the snuff-box was done by the president, a jolly old hardware man, who, in tendering the gift and proposing old Carryten's health, didn't try to be a bit fine, but spoke up just as he would on any ordinary night; and, prompted by a full and honest heart, was very effective. "We are wishful," said the chairman in the course of his address, "of showing our regard and esteem for a gentleman, an old friend, who has been amongst us now more'n thirty year—ay, more 'n thirty year (for the time shoots away). There isn't but one or two in the room besides me can mind his coming, but every one in the room'll say 'twas a fortunate thing he did come. To the older ones he has proved an honest and kind friend, and the younger have learned to respect him as an instructor so well as to love him as a friend, for there isn't one under thirty but have passed under his hand." (Great applause and drumming on the table at this last remark, Mr. Saunders contributing liberally to the noise.) "Thewse that cried loudest wasn't, I believe, always they that

got beat the hardest, though, perhaps, they wanted it the most." (Mr. Saunders silenced. Cheers from quarters that had been quiet before.) "Well, as I was saying, young and old have good reason to respect and valley him, independent of what we as a body feel. But it is as the clerk of this club that we are now regarding of him—a club that has been prospering for more than twenty year, and a club that, I may safely say, never would have prospered, nor never would have lasted to this day at all, if it hadn't been for the good management, and good sense, and good feeling of our friend what I am speaking of. Mr. Carryten, sir, in the name of the club, which feels greatly beholden to you, I request you to accept of this box, a trifle in itself, but a weighty matter if you take account of all the hearty good-will that we give 'long with it. May you live many, many years, sir, to make use of this small present, and may every new year find you increased in prosperity and in public estimation." The speaker then made a graceful allusion to the honours acquired by Mr. Tom Coryton, and drank to the health and prosperity of Mr. Coryton and family.

Old Carryten's hand trembled a good deal as he received the box, and he spent some time looking over it and admiring it, and then expressing his admiration of some of its workmanship, and of the gracious inscription, to those who sat next him, while the whole company hemmed and blew their noses and fidgeted until he should get on his legs, which he was in no particular hurry to do.

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.

That was true enough; but then he wasn't always severe and stern, and he wasn't always stern when he was severe. I have known him sometimes, when taking the rind off a young gentleman's loins (for, bless you, we were not squeamish about a little excoriation in those days), convulse his pupils—the subject of his discipline excepted—with irresistible jokes. And, when he was clear of the school altogether, it was astonishing what good company he could be, what fun there was in him, what capital stories he could tell. He had a fair tenor voice, too, though it had begun to crack by this time, and was commonly asked for a song or two on festive occasions. He was certainly not liable in a general way to be overcome by his feelings; but somehow,

on this occasion he not only postponed as long as he could the acknowledgment of the flattering gift, but when he did get up, he took refuge at first in a little fun. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have been in the habit of giving boxes for many ears, but never till this year has a box like this been given to me." This brightened the whole company again in a moment; there was scarcely a pair of ears among them that didn't tingle at the *jeu d'esprit*. The laughter was loud, and the applause very hearty. The merriment had a composing effect on the speaker, who, being quite in his element, spoke of his early acquaintance with Wetton, and told one or two of his very best stories, with voice imitations, about some of the local characters. Though this was very effective, and delighted his audience, he knew very well that he was only postponing the dreaded response to the genial old hardwareman's gracious personalities. It had to be made, however, and as soon as he got on that subject, it was evident that he would, even in the presence of his old scholars, betray a weakness most derogatory to the character which he had hitherto maintained among them. He made two or three acknowledgments, very feebly, and in a somewhat broken voice; took a pinch of snuff and a sip of punch; went at it again; got out one or two sentences with great gulps in them; and at last old Carryten broke down utterly and ignominiously, subsided into his seat and covered his eyes with his hands, while the table rang with plaudits, Kentish fire, the jingling of glasses, and finally a very boisterous performance of the chorus, "For he is a jolly good fellow." Poor old Carryten! perhaps if more kindness had come his way before, more expression of feeling might have come out of him! But how could that have been, I should like to know? To all of my generation, and to all our mothers, who saw our welts and bruises, he was the very impersonation of cane and rod. He has cut the buttons from my jacket aforetime, and sent me to my seat with my shirt sticking to my back. All admitted that he would drive knowledge into any mind whatever capable of receiving it, and I suspect that Maga's compositors have been indebted to him for the legible MSS. of more than one contributor; but it has taken a long life to raise in my mind a suspicion even that any feeling softer than fear and obedience would have been acceptable from his scholars. And yet, when I come now to think of that night

at the tradesmen's club, and the old fellow's emotion, it strikes me that he may have had a sense of a hard and laborious life devoted to duty according to his lights, with mighty small material reward, and with only the consciousness that he was useful in his generation to support him; also, that deep down in his breast under the stony and scarifying strata, lay a yearning for an encouraging word or two, for some small appreciation of the devotion which kept him like a mill-horse forever at his grinding labour.

Well, everybody was affected, and, fortunately for Mr. Saunders, it was his allotted duty to break the awkward silence by rising to propose the health of Mrs. Coryton. The subduing influence of the recent scene kept him within bounds, and he made his little speech very nicely, and was rewarded by a glance out of old Coryton's eyes such as he had never before seen proceeding from those organs. They finished the evening very merrily: the schoolmaster wrung everybody's hand at parting; and when Saunders offered his company on the walk home it was graciously accepted. In that auspicious quarter of an hour the young man opened his mind.

"I don't think," said the old gentleman, "that it would be well for either you or Tom, Benjamin, that he should be your proposer,"—and he gave reasons for this opinion similar to those which Tom had given. "But," added he, "perhaps if Tom can't manage it, I can. I assure you we both desire to serve you,—he an old friend, I an old scholar; and, provided you obtain your wish, I don't suppose you mind exactly by what agency the thing is worked. Leave it to me. And now, good night: I hope the evening has been as pleasant to you as it has been to me."

Ben knew that old Carryten wouldn't talk in that way unless he saw his way pretty clearly to attainment; but how he was to pass a not quite eligible friend into a society of which he wasn't himself a member wasn't quite apparent. He went to sleep, however, very tranquilly upon the assurance which he had received, but before doing so, had very much fortified his resolution to realize the dream.

We will not follow old Carryten through his negotiations on Benjamin's behalf. There might be some amusement in doing so, but it would carry us too far from the trunk-line of our story. His mode of operating was this. There were

in Wetton, as there are in most places, certain gentlemen who managed to participate in the amusements and indulgences that were to be had there, without being as remarkable for prompt payment as for prompt fruition. Such as these, one may be sure, were in the club, and were its most regular attendants; and they were also in the books of a good many tradesmen, whom to reconcile to the system of small profits and slow returns was a feat which they all achieved with more or less brilliancy, though sometimes at the imminent risk of being "*taken by the insolent foe*." Now, the schoolmaster, from his long intimacy with Saunders's affairs, knew pretty well who they were that stood indebted to the estate. He knew also that some of the debtors were of the free-and-easy class which I have just mentioned. He contrived to let a few of them know that the books of the estate were likely soon to be put in the hands of a man of business, with a view of clearing off all old scores, and starting afresh under the new owners. He likewise hinted at Mr. Benjamin Saunders's ambition to be elected a member of the worshipful society known as the Wetton Club; whereat these exclusive aristocrats laughed scornfully, asked if he didn't wish he might get it (which was then considered a smart form of speech), and remarked, that though the club had got deuced low, yet, by Jupiter! it hadn't quite come down to that yet. The better part of their nature, however, prevailed, when they perceived that to do Saunders a kindness might secure for the doer of it exemption from the pressure that was to be apprehended; and two or three of these genial fellows, after putting aside the crabbed air with which they first pretended to meet the proposal, entered heartily into the design, and even vied with each other in showing their zeal for it. These were really the ruling members of the club, who were there continually, fussing and complaining and managing. They knew how to beat about and get promises not to oppose; also how to bring on the election at a favourable time. In short, they carried in their man; and though a good many independent members raged and stormed afterwards, yet, as the rules had in a fashion been complied with, they were given to understand that it was their own fault that they didn't attend and black-ball. It ended in growling only, and the growling died away, and Mr.

Benjamin Saunders had his foot on the ladder.

This step achieved, our hero of the dream followed it up by dissociating himself more and more from the business, except the office part thereof, and by being seen now and then out with the harriers on a good-looking horse. Through his exhibitions of himself on the outside of this same horse arose a little adventure, which he looked upon as arranged by the good genius who had sent him the dream, but which did not seem so fortunate to the other actors in it as it did to him. He was out on the road one afternoon, when he met a drayman who was conveying two huge logs of timber to his building-yard. The logs were lashed on to a rest formed by timbers, which were supported by the axles of two pairs of immense wheels, such as the reader has often seen used in a similar way. Benjamin stopped the drayman, to whom he had something to say; but his steed fidgeted so at the neighbourhood of the tall wheels that it was a difficult matter to converse, and a good deal of time was lost through the animal edging away, and then being forced up again. While this little scene was going on, a lady on horseback hove in sight, as the Admiral would have said, and came on at a canter towards the dray. When she was near enough to be distinguished, the youth saw that it was Miss Fulford; upon which recognition he coloured very much, ceased to attend to the man, and patting and soothing his horse, tried to make it stand quiet while the young lady passed. But the rapid approach of another horse is not calculated to make a horse already restive remain-motionless. He plunged and sidled more and more, but did not prevent him from showing the efforts he was making to subdue these capers, nor from raising his hat as the young lady passed. Whether Miss Fulford knew him or not was not clear; but she had reined in her horse to a walk as she came up to the unsightly vehicle, and, keeping to the side opposite to Benjamin and his gyrations, slightly inclined her head in acknowledgment of his salute; then thanks to the steadiness of the beast which carried her, which did little more than prick his ears, she got clear of the obstruction, and stretched into a canter again. So far well; but her groom, who had not slackened his pace, and who attempted to dash past, was not destined to be so successful. The groom's horse

shied wildly at the wheels, and, upon being pressed, made a sharp wheel with his fore legs in the air, which brought the rider off upon the top rail of a gate, across which he fell heavily, while the animal galloped off. By the time Saunders and the carter got up to him, he had fallen to the ground. The man could speak to them in gasps, but he was evidently severely shaken, and in great pain. Several of his ribs, he said, were broken. Now, it was a question what was to be done; for, after they had supported him into a sitting posture against the gate, and picked up his hat and replaced it upon his head, he said he could not sit upon Saunders's horse if he were lifted thereon. Then the drayman said he knew of no better plan than to make a bed of some hay which he carried with him for his horses, spread it on the logs, and let the poor fellow be stretched upon it till they could reach a wayside inn about half a mile on. While they were by very slow motions raising him to this rude bed (for he was in great agony, and could hardly bear to be touched), Miss Fulford, who had missed her attendant and turned to see what had become of him, rode up.

"He'll go home safe enough, Miss; he won't come to no hurt," feebly moaned the poor man, in reply to her alarmed "Good heavens, Corder! what is this?"

"Dear me, never mind the horse; are you much hurt?"

"Feared I be, Miss."

Then Mr. Saunders explained the manner of the accident, and what they proposed to do,—to which, as no alternative presented itself, she was fain to assent. He also said that he would ride forward to the little inn, send a more comfortable conveyance if he could get one, and order a bed to be prepared for the sufferer. Permitting him to do so, Miss Fulford said she would remain with the dray. A little way on, Saunders met a farmer returning in his tax-cart from town, and made him promise to turn back and bring up the injured groom when he should meet the dray. He then pricked on to the inn, called out the landlady, and told her to prepare a bed. It was some time before the tax-cart came up, for Corder could not bear to be driven at more than a slow walk. They lifted the patient carefully out, and promised to have him as tenderly undressed and put to bed till a doctor should arrive. Miss Fulford's intention had been to remain at the inn till a carriage could be sent for her; but

a sight of the house showed this to be impossible. There were fellows drinking all over the place, and a decent sitting-room was not to be had. Saunders said that he would have been quite ready to stay, but then Miss Fulford would have had to ride home alone; and, through the delay caused by the accident, it was getting late, and would be dusk before she could reach Colkaton. There was nothing for it but that Benjamin should attend her. If he would have taken the groom's place, and followed her at a distance, the arrangement might have been very well; but there was no chance of that. Benjamin thought that he would be able to lift her on to her horse; but she, too quick for him, went to the stock and swung herself into the saddle in a moment, earning a commendation from the ostler, who said, as he drew his hand across his upper lip after letting go her reins, "Yew be a lightsome one, Miss; darned if yew ban't. Yew oft to be in Powell's tresp, yew did. I've a seed heavier maidens that they thought woth puttin' into pantalewns." But it is a question whether this panegyric was not due entirely to the fear she was in of Benjamin touching even the sole of her boot. She had an instinctive perception that he was a person to be kept at a considerable distance. Ben, however, by this time quite understood the necessity of greatly restraining himself, and intended this time to make an impression by extreme deference, curbing his vivacious fancy. And when he got a chance of saying anything at all, he said nothing that any one could object to; but his chances were exceedingly limited, for Miss Fulford kept at something more than a canter whenever the ground permitted it; and in a very short time they were in the outskirts of Wetton, and at the door of Mr. Pound the Apothecary and Surgeon. That practitioner himself immediately appeared at the door of his pharmacy, and received directions, first, to go himself to see her servant immediately; second, to send for a carriage for herself; third, to let one of his men lead her horse to Colkaton; fourth, to afford Miss Fulford the shelter of his house till the carriage should be ready. On the appearance of Pound's man she lighted off her horse, thanked Mr. Saunders very impressively for the great trouble he had been at on her account, said she would not detain him another minute, and disappeared into the house. Thus, you see, she shook off her cavalier

almost as soon as they were among the houses: Pound, the most prudent of pestle-drivers, would be sure to make no remark concerning her being so escorted: and so the whole annoying adventure would be at an end, with no gossiping body cognizant of it. But Gertrude reckoned without her host. Owing to the pace at which she had travelled, there was still plenty of light in the sky when she reached Wetton, and there was a pair of eyes in the window of the house opposite to Pound's, which in a moment perceived all the circumstances of the arrival. Old Mrs. Yeo, the owner of the house, was infirm and purblind: she could seldom go to church, and she could not see to read; so she received a visit once or twice a-week from the vicar or his curate, who read to her, and gave her ghostly advice and comfort. Thus Mr. Norcott was with her at this time, but the eyes I spoke of didn't belong to him—then. Moreover, Mrs. Yeo was aunt—I believe I ought to say grand-aunt—to Miss Lydia Tarroway, and that young lady it was, who, having accidentally called in to see how her dear old aunty did, was the owner of the eyes in question. It was with the greatest difficulty that she suppressed an exclamation which would have been highly inopportune while the reading was going on. "What can Gertrude Fulford be about?" said Lydia to herself. She perceived the manner of Saunders's dismissal, and guessed that the occurrence must have been accidental; at the same time she considered it only her duty to regard it as "strange." Her feeling towards Gertrude was friendly rather than otherwise. She had quite retired from the Hardinge contest, since it was ascertained that the Lieutenant's days in Wetton were numbered, and that Norcott had an uncle, a bishop, and a cousin, in the House of Commons; for there would be many rivals in this quest also, and fine exercise for Lydia's talents. She did not imagine that there was the smallest chance of Gertrude's obtaining Hardinge's regard; but then why was Gertrude so silly and so vain as to fancy that she could captivate a man who was probably pre-engaged, and at any rate not going to lose his heart in Wetton? It must have been impatience at her friend's manifest folly, or else I know not what it was, that made Lydia feel quite a complacent glow when she saw the riders together at Pound's gate, and made her resolve with the severity of a censor that the matter

might be the means of conveying a lesson against overweening pretensions. When Mr. Norcott escorted her home in the dusk of the evening, she told him what she had seen.

From *The Spectator*.

COLONEL CHESNEY'S ESSAYS.*

AMONG modern essayists, Colonel Charles Chesney is entitled to a high rank, because he not only possesses a power of clear statement, but what many of the so-called brilliant writers lack, he is remarkable for accurate knowledge and sound judgment. Sometimes, indeed, he strains a point a little too far, in his anxiety to reach that judicial impartiality which, if it tempers the ardours of composition, is an error on the right side. Order, lucidity, vigour, are the salient qualities of his style, as a thirst for truth, habits of exact investigation, and a trained, dispassionate faculty, which enables him to form sound conclusions, are the qualities of his well-balanced mind. The essays collected and published in this volume are not only of a nature to interest the military, but the general reader. Whether he carries us into the camps, or along the track of the Grand Army on Muscovite soil, guided by the accomplished De Fezensac, or throws a light on Suchet's Spanish campaigns, while sketching the career of Henry von Brandt; whether he draws a picture of Cornwallis, or renders the exploits of Chinese Gordon intelligible—not his easiest task—or whether he finds a theme in recent American warfare, Colonel Chesney is always entertaining and instructive. But we call especial attention to the four essays which relate to the American war, not only because they are well done, but for the reason stated in the author's preface, namely, that the military excellence displayed during the mighty struggle "has been unduly depreciated by comparison with the late events on the Continent;" and, indeed, we may add, unduly depreciated from the very first, notably by soldiers who should have known better than to surrender at discretion their judgment to their political prejudices. Colonel Chesney was al-

* *Essays in Military Biography*. By Charles Cornwallis Chesney, Colonel in the Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Engineers. Reprinted chiefly from the *Edinburgh Review*. London: Longmans and Co.

ways an exception, and in his preface he has the courage to repeat some striking truths which the vulgar, no matter what their rank, and the ignorant, no matter whether professional or not, have generally disregarded. Thus, measured by actual fighting, "the most seasoned soldiers of Europe are but as conscripts compared with the survivors of that conflict;" while the conditions of war on a grand scale, says our author, "were illustrated to the full as much in the contest in America, as in those more recently waged on the Continent." He justly points out that in "the art of feeding and supplying an army in the field, the Americans displayed quite as much ability as any Continental power;" that as regards courage, "the actual fighting was far more stubborn;" and that if the organization and discipline were inferior, compared with European models, yet considering that the armies on both sides were improvised, under the very stress of collision, they were certainly the best troops built up from nothing which have been seen in modern days. Colonel Chesney rightly says the actions were inconclusive, chiefly because "the beaten side would not break up," but retired in good order, keeping a bold front to the victor. "In order to pursue there must be some one to run away, and to the credit of Americans, the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought across the Atlantic." It may be added that the nature of the country favoured the exhibition of what Colonel Chesney calls "an inherited quality,"—enabled infantry to resist horsemen, and check a whole army until fresh arrangements could be made by the conquerors. There was, doubtless, a deficiency of cavalry, but even Seidlitz himself, had he been there with his squadrons, would have been puzzled how to use them in an American forest. The battles were relatively inconclusive, because the troops on both sides were good, and the country abounded in natural obstacles, and because rapid movements were impossible in the face even of slight resistance. Yet the greater actions were quite as decisive as all but the exceptional fights in Europe. Fort Donelson and the much-criticised Pittsburg Landing really cleared an immense tract of country. Grant took Vicksburg when he defeated Pemberton on the Big Black; he saved Tennessee when he won Missionary Ridge. Meade, in one of the best fought battles of the

whole war, Gettysburg, decisively freed the North from invasion, and forced the Confederates thenceforth to stand on the defensive. Against the troops they possessed and the country on which they fought, Napoleon himself could not have won anything like an Austerlitz, still less a Waterloo.

The strange disposition to carp at American Generals must be mainly the fruit of a very imperfect study of their campaigns and the conditions under which they were fought. It is all the more remarkable, because America possessed what England did not, a first-rate military school. Whence could you hope to get good Captains, if not from West Point? We also had excellent establishments in our Artillery and Engineers, but the untrained and uneducated Infantry and Cavalry monopolized all the commands, and laughed to scorn scientific soldiery. And out of the genuine Military Academy on the Hudson came really educated soldiers, although so many of them, absorbed in commercial and industrial pursuits, or engaged in obscure duties, lived comparatively unknown. When the war broke out they came to the front as natural leaders, and with one exception, they alone did anything great or decisive. It was West Point, divided against itself, which fought the campaigns, and we say they are worthy of being compared with any campaigns of modern times. Men of transcendent genius, since the very dawn of recorded history, have been so few that they may be counted on the fingers. But among those who stand in the second rank, Lee, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan must find a place; and of these four, beyond question, the man who approached most nearly to the highest genius, the man who showed the profoundest insight into strategy, was General Sherman. There were many bright strokes in that prolonged war, but the brightest, the most Napoleonic, the greatest, as well as the truest conceptions, were the march through Georgia, and subsequently from the Savannah to Cape Fear River. And they were purely Sherman's own inspirations, or rather, to speak correctly, inventions, and he obtained permission to execute both only after considerable hesitation at head-quarters. If Marlborough deserves credit for marching through a peaceful country to the Danube; if Napoleon is exalted because, crossing the Alps, he suddenly placed an army on the Ticino and Po, then also is Sherman en-

titled to renown for having the brain to conceive and the boldness to execute a great march through a hostile country, which dealt the deadliest blow struck at the Confederacy. It must, as a stroke of supreme generalship, take rank among the finest recorded in military history. In saying this, we do not intend to underrate the military qualities of Grant, and still less of Lee. There are now, as there were in the early years of the war, many who refuse to credit Grant with intellectual ability or military genius. Certainly Colonel Chesney is not of the number. Although, as we think, he is too severe on the General when treating of the Virginian campaign, he speaks in no equivocal terms respecting the enterprise against Vicksburg. The time came, he says, when, "pursuing one great object steadfastly, he was to win it at last, by a display of resource such as the most brilliant or scientific of modern Generals could not surpass." Sherman was a competent judge, and in his famous letter to Grant, in March, 1864, he frankly writes, "My only points of doubt were in your knowledge of grand strategy and of books of science and history, but I confess your common-sense seems to have supplied all these." Of the men of books of science and history, some, at least, still entertain doubts which the great soldier who saw his comrade at work flung away forever, certainly after Vicksburg. What is genius, at least of the highly practical sort, but the soundest common-sense, set in motion and reduced to fact by that infinite capacity for taking pains of late so much talked about? No mistakes made by Grant in the overland advance upon Richmond can blot out or seriously diminish his credit among competent men. It would almost seem that some critics are angry with him for perceiving that the soundest strategy was to "operate directly against Lee's army, wherever it could be found," the strategy he announced to Sherman on April 4, 1864, conveying plans which gave the latter General "infinite satisfaction," and made him exclaim, "That we are all now to act on a common plan, converging on a common centre, looks like enlightened war." No doubt the method of carrying it out is open to sharp criticism, and that the manœuvres of Sherman compare favourably with the bloody fighting which preceded the manœuvring of Grant. Yet here we should do well to remember the words of Colonel Chesney, when speak-

ing of "the charge of wasting his army by pressing it on against unfair odds of position." He says, "A little more of success in the results, and we should have heard nothing but praise." After all, he gained his point, which was to break up Lee's army, if possible; if not, to force it back into Richmond, and hold on until the Confederacy was vanquished. He did this, partly by fighting bloody battles, and partly by outflanking his adversary. Lee met with his match, — encountered a foe who could stand up to him, frustrate his tactics, and march round him; but naturally the force acting on the defensive, a line which the Confederate was soon obliged to adopt, lost the fewer men, yet could ill afford to lose those. We never could understand the statement that Grant changed his line of operations, since, outflanking his opponent, he still went direct upon Richmond. He shifted his immediate base several times, but how and when did he shift his line of operations? As to the allegation that he might have moved, in the first instance, from the Rapidan to the James by water, and not by land, we have always thought the criticism did not sufficiently appreciate the political and physical conditions of the campaign. It certainly was, as we well remember, originally advanced in this country solely by political opponents of the North, desirous of detracting from the reputation of a General who had driven Lee into Richmond, and who held him there. But we have not the space required to state even the *pros* and *cons* upon a question possessing, however, almost wholly a speculative interest. We are bound to say that Colonel Chesney throws upon President Lincoln all blame for the adoption of the "impracticable plan," which, however, ended in the capture of Richmond. When General Badeau finds leisure to complete that *Military History of General Grant* which he began so many years ago, we shall have sounder materials for a judgment than any we now possess.

The subject is so vast, that we can only touch slightly on a few salient points, and refer the reader to Colonel Chesney's suggestive essays, if he has neither time nor inclination for a deeper study of military operations quite as instructive as any which have occurred since Napoleon's career as a soldier came to its abrupt close. We can only regret that our able military essayist has not given us his estimate of Sherman, whose volume of despatches furnishes a tempting

theme exactly suited to Colonel Chesney's gifts. But we are glad to see his weighty protest against the vulgar error that American Generals are inferior to their European brothers in arms. That the troops raised from nothing were long inferior in organization and discipline is true; but we doubt whether at the end of the war many, if any, European armies have surpassed in these respects, the soldiers whom Grant and Sherman led back to Washington in May, 1865.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE CASPIAN SEA.

THE late successful march of a Russian army from Khiva has directed attention to the extensive wildernesses which border the shores of the Caspian Sea. That great inland sea of salt water with no outlet to the ocean, but the reservoir of the Volga and other rivers, is one of the geographical wonders of the world. By geologists it is considered to be the chief remnant of a vast sheet of water which once stretched across Europe from the Euxine to the northern Polar Ocean. The changes to produce this result were caused by no great convulsion, but took place slowly and imperceptibly. In the present day, armies toil over solitudes dreary and saline, once the bottom of a sea more vast than the Mediterranean.

Humboldt has described under the name of the concavity of the Caspian basin, that enormous extent of land, as large as France, which the Caspian would even now cover, if its level were equal to that of the Black Sea; but it is, in fact, eighty-five feet lower. The low plains around Astrakhan have nothing picturesque about them; they cannot be compared to the southern shore of Mazanderan, where the shadowy palm-tree waves its branches, and the green hills and blue distances of Demavend present such beautiful landscapes: nor to the Caucasus mountains, raising above the waters their plains of verdure, where the defile of Derbend, guarded by its city, built like an amphitheatre, or a pyramid of gigantic blocks of stone, charms the eye; but it is in the northern plains, with their desolation and uniformity, that the work of the ocean may be clearly read by the geologist.

The Russians divide these steppes according to the nature of the soil, into the sandy, the rocky, and the saline: the

first form the greater part of the western basin; the rocky plains extend eastwards in the direction of Tartary; and the saline occupy a considerable space between the Volga and the Ural. As a general rule, they all merit the title of desert; and when the locusts arrive, which is very frequently, there does not remain a single blade of grass, and the reeds growing near the marshes are eaten to the very level of the water. It may be imagined how miserable is the scene in the depth of winter, when the great plain is concealed under a veil of snow, which the icy wind raises in whirlwinds; but even in the joyous season of summer there is nothing pleasing in the broad extent of white and red sand, with a patch here and there of spurge or mugwort shewing their dark leaves. Sometimes the traveller crosses with difficulty a deep ravine worn by the torrents of rain, then skirts a marsh, with its waters glancing through a forest of reeds. In the distance, a clump of willows marks a saline spring: the breeze blowing over the burning steppe raises a cloud of dust. The remains of dried-up plants rush along by thousands, curiously rolled into balls by the wind, seeming to pursue each other, and leaping up many yards in height, as if they were living beings. At the end of each stage the carriage stops before a miserable cabin, half-buried in the sand, where a human figure appears; but rarely are the tents of the Kalmucks or Kirghiz tribes seen, and hundreds of leagues may be traversed without a trace of man.

The largest of these steppes exceeds five hundred miles. The coasts of the Caspian to the north are flat, and the banks of sand render navigation almost impossible, where the mighty streams of the Volga, the Terek, the Ural, and the Emba, ceaselessly labour to fill up the sea itself. To the south, the Caspian divides itself into two basins; a peninsula almost meeting the opposite coast. According to local tradition, it was possible to walk across from Baku to Tartary; thus the depth of the water varies much, in some places not exceeding eight or nine feet; and its greatest depth is a few hundred feet. At recurring periods of seven years, it increases about three feet, and then diminishes for the next seven. The saltness of the water also is very unequal: where the rivers pour in the fresh stream it is possible to drink it; in other places it is charged with salt, a fact which has given rise to much discussion.

From the salt part of the sea, narrow

canals run into the land, which, being in time evaporated by the heat of the desert, become real magazines of salt. Some of the more ancient bays present a number of basins with every degree of saline concentration. One is still receiving water from the sea, and has only deposited on its banks a very thin layer of salt; in a second, the ground is concealed by a thick crust of rose crystals, like a marble pavement; a third is one compact mass of salt, where a little pool of water shines here and there; and another has lost all the water by evaporation, and the strata of salt is already partially covered by sand.

In all this, it will be perceived, there is a resemblance between the Caspian and the Dead Sea. The waters of both escape only by evaporation, and each is distinguished by its intense saline properties, as well as by salt on its margin.

Of the thousand bays and lagoons storing the salt of the Caspian, none is more remarkable than that of Karaboghaz, an inland sea which probably once united the Sea of Hyrcania with the Sea of Aral. It covers an immense space of ground, whilst the canal connecting it with the Caspian is never deeper than seven yards, and the current runs at a speed of three knots an hour. All the navigators of the Sea, and the wandering Turkomans, are struck with the steady unrestrained flow of this salt water rolling through black reefs, and fancy an abyss must swallow up the water, and lead it by subterranean paths to the Persian Gulf. But science can explain it very satisfactorily. In this basin, exposed to high winds and intense heat, evaporation goes on very rapidly; the immense marsh over which it flows keeps the salt, and concentrates it, only restoring to the atmosphere the water brought by the Caspian current. Already no animal can live in it; the seals which used to visit its shores come no longer; the shores are deprived of vegetation. Layers of salt cover the bottom, and the sounding line comes up coated with salt crystals. It is believed that the Karaboghaz daily receives three hundred and fifty thousand tons of salt — more than is consumed in the Russian empire in six months. After violent tempests, its extent is soon diminished, its banks are transformed into immense fields of salt, and its appearance is that of a marsh only.

Not more singular are the volcanic forces at work under the soil at Baku, and even recently, an island has suddenly risen near the shore. The springs of

naphtha are most abundant; about fourteen miles from Baku are the hot springs, which were called the eternal fires, and were for centuries worshipped in the temple of the Persian sect of Guebres; but the city is now deserted. A stray spark will at most places set fire to the gas which issues from the ground, and during stormy nights a mantle of light hangs its phosphorescent folds on the sides of the mountains. The labourer dare not dig too large a hole, or the naphtha would flow in such quantities that it cannot be stopped. Even in the midst of the sea, it boils on the surface of the waves, and spreads a rainbow-like film; a burning torch thrown on the water creates an immense conflagration. What riches are buried beneath these shores! Every year, more than fifteen hundred tons of liquid naphtha are pumped up, but the torrents of gas freely escape into the air, some charcoal-burners alone making use of it.

In some parts of the coast, the indentations have a most remarkable form, resembling in a striking manner the *fjords* of Norway; the islands and peninsulas extend a long way into the sea, forming chains interrupted by the water, which has worked its way through the rock. The thousands of canals which separate them are an unexplored labyrinth even to the fishermen, and the most exact map can give little idea of this mingled scene of islands, channels, and bays. They do not possess the wild grandeur of Norway; the height is not great, and there are ugly banks of sand; neither are the shores bordered by precipitous rocks, down which flow mighty cascades; and the horizon is closed by the level plain of the steppes instead of the glaciers of the Scandinavian Alps: still they are not inferior in geological interest. The Russians have steamers on the Caspian sailing regularly between Astrakhan and Petrolaks, on which a great variety of character may be seen, half Asiatic, half European.

Had Russia known how to profit by the immense commercial advantages of the Caspian Sea, the regions around it would not be in their present depopulated condition. In the whole world there is probably not a sea more admirably placed for the commerce of the world than the Russian Mediterranean. Situated in the centre of a continent, it bathes the shores of Europe and Asia, extends its bays on the plains of the north, whilst in the south it reflects the vegetation of the tropics, and unites two worlds, which the

Caucasus tries in vain to separate by its giant walls of rock and ice. It seems destined to become the great commercial road of Europe when a railway is made through Southern Russia to Rostow, Stravapol, Derbent, Baku, and by the southern shore into Afghanistan, Cabool, Lahore, to Calcutta; but many years must elapse before there can be so great a change in the wild hordes who dwell around it as to make this practicable.

Astrakhan is usually spoken of as a town on the northern shore of the Caspian, at the mouth of the Volga. It is in reality situated on an island formed by a branch of that river. It cannot be said to be in a thriving condition. We learn that the cost of living in Astrakhan is so little that twenty pounds a year affords sufficient for the maintenance of a poor family. The people are contented with black bread and fruits; a large water-melon can be bought for a penny; and cucumbers, either fresh or pickled in salt, are eaten with bread. Salt fish dried in the sun forms the food for the winter season; it is first steeped in water, and then boiled, or if caviare is eaten, it is spread like butter on the bread. But it has great disadvantages as a residence; it is dusty in summer, windy in autumn, frozen up in winter, and knee-deep in mud in spring. No trees enliven the prospect, no pleasant fountains, and no pavements on the roads; forming a great contrast to Tiflis. The islands are the abode of great numbers of wild-fowl; pelicans fish on the margin of the streams, and the wild osprey hovers over the water, ready to seize on its prey.

The most interesting sight in the neighbourhood is perhaps that of a Tartar settlement of Kalmucks. General Kostenkoff, who is placed in charge of them, has taken great pains to improve them; having studied their language, written a grammar, and translated the Bible into their tongue. At present they are Buddhists, and probably possess the only idol temple left in Russia in Europe. This Sir Arthur Cunynghame was permitted to visit, as is mentioned in his work, *Travels in the Eastern Caucasus*. The priest lives in a tent similar to those inhabited by the tribe, but better furnished with mats and Persian carpets. At the back of the tent, folding-doors open, and disclose a small cupboard, which contains a small ugly wooden doll in a long silk cloak. This is worshipped many times a day, and offerings of brick-tea and beans are made to it; whilst a silver lotus-flower

hangs in front. Beyond is the temple, built in pagoda-form, and gaily painted. Five boys, forming the choir, squatted in the ante-room, dressed in gaudy yellow calico; the lama or priest wore a painted brass crown on his head, holding in his hand a pair of brass cymbals, and several men were playing on trumpets, flageolets, sea-shells, and drums, making a most discordant noise.

On a table in the centre, seven gods were placed, each having a small umbrella, a silver pot of silver lotus-flowers, a little cup of beans, and one of tea; curious silk flags were arranged round the table, and an embroidered canopy covered the whole. At one end of the temple, six more gilt gods each occupied his niche, dressed in yellow coats, and with the same offerings; whilst a lamp was kept constantly burning, and perfume was freely burnt. The curious invention of the prayer-wheel stood on each side of the door; they are wooden drums, about a foot in diameter, and are made to revolve by a leathern strap and crank. The prayers are carved round them, and each turn says four prayers: thus a vast amount of devotion is gone through without much labour. None but the lamas understand their books, and the people have entirely lost the clue to their religion, not knowing what they do. But they pay their contribution, and worship, bowing their heads to the ground. About a hundred have become Christians, but this race is fast dying out.

There are considerable fishings in the Caspian; the principal fish caught being the sturgeon, from the roe of which is made the famous caviare of the Russians. There is a trade carried on among the Tartars and Circassians around the Caspian Sea of working beautiful ornaments in gold and silver. At Koorbaki, the inhabitants used to call themselves Franks, and are supposed to be the descendants of some workmen whom the Genoese republic sent out to utilize the metals found in the mines. They taught their art to the natives, and were shut up in the mountains during the advance of the Turks and Tartars, but still retain the beauty of their designs and perfection of workmanship. Shamyl turned their skill to good account in the making of guns; for whilst Europe was still fighting with the smooth-bore, his army were using excellent rifled firearms. They also coined money for him, imitating any foreign coins that came to hand and seemed convenient in size. The best workmanship

in daggers and arms of all kinds sold at Tiflis, is sent there from these mountains to the Armenian shopkeepers.

The Kalmucks have at various times offered to colonize these regions, and in the last century about five hundred thousand settled near the Volga, but their freedom was taken away; so in 1771 their Khan set out on his return to Tartary with all his people, baffled the army sent in pursuit, and reached the borders of China in about eight months. They have been replaced by a few wandering and degraded tribes; and the Tcherkesses are also abandoning their mountains by thousands, rather than suffer the Russian standard to float over them. What has happened on the western side of the Caspian Sea is also going forward on the eastern; as the Muscovites advance towards Khiva, they conquer a desert; without waiting for the barrier of steel drawn around them, the nomad Turkomans have prudently taken flight. Derbend and Baku no longer offer their former splendour; and where the Argonauts went in search of the Golden Fleece, and where theologians have placed the earthly Paradise, nothing is to be found but arid and frightful wastes.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE Royal authority for the appointment of a Speaker was received by the Commons at the first meeting of the new Parliament on Thursday, and no opposition was offered to Mr. Brand's re-election. On Friday the Speaker elect presented himself before the Lords Commissioners at the bar of the House of Lords to "submit himself with all humility" for the Royal approbation, receiving from the Lord Chancellor in reply her Majesty's assurance of his sufficiency and her full approval and confirmation of his appointment. Then the Speaker humbly claimed on behalf of the Commons "all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges." A formal assent was not always mere matter of course. When Coke made this claim before Elizabeth of imperious memory, the Lord Keeper (Sir John Puckering) took her Majesty's instructions and replied, "Privilege of speech is granted, but you must know what privilege you have, not to speak every one what he listeth, or what comes into his brain to utter; but your

privilege is for such speech as shall be used with judgment and sobriety. Wherefore, Mr. Speaker, her Majesty's pleasure is that if you perceive any idle heads which will not stick to hazard their own estates, which will meddle with reforming the Church and transforming the Commonwealth, and exhibit any bills to such purpose, that you receive them not, till they be showed and considered by those whom it is fitter should consider of such things and can better judge of them." The Lord Keeper conveyed to Mr. Speaker an equally ungracious grant of security for the persons of members "with the caveat that, under colour of this privilege, no man's ill-doings or not performing of duties be covered and protected;" and of free access to her Majesty "so that it be upon urgent and weighty causes, and at times convenient, and when her Majesty may be at leisure from other important causes of the realm"—a privilege, in short, of approaching the maiden Queen when she had nothing better to do. The warning not to be too free of speech was soon followed by a blow. A week after Coke, as Speaker, received this Royal admonition, a bill having meanwhile been offered in the Commons against recusants, her Majesty sent for him, reminded him of her command delivered through the Lord Keeper, and said the House must not meddle with matters of State or causes ecclesiastical. Returning to his place, he informed the House that the Queen was highly offended, and had charged him on his allegiance not to read any such bill, so the bill dropped. The freedom of speech claimed by the Speaker did not always count for much, even after the Hanoverian succession, for in 1719 Mr. Shippen, representing the Cornish borough of Saltash, was sent to the Tower for saying, "that a paragraph in the King's Speech seemed calculated for the meridian of Germany rather than for Great Britain, and that it was a misfortune that the King was a stranger to our language and Constitution."

Close on 500 years have passed since the name of Sir Thomas Hungerford was recorded in 1377—the first Speaker to whom the title was expressly given. The first who was formally presented for Royal approval was Sir John Busby, in 1394. Sir John Tiptoft, when chosen in 1406, made excuse by reason of his faith, but his plea was not accepted; and he justified his choice, for we read ("Gurdon's History of Parliament") that while he

was Speaker "he took more upon him, and spoke more boldly and freely to King and to Lords, than any before him; whose example being followed, the King and Lords put a check to it as a novelty in the 13th Henry IV., when Thomas Chaucer, as Speaker, desired freedom as usual." It was Sir John Tiptoft who signed and sealed the deed of entailing the Crown, *nomine totius communitatis*. During the Civil War and the Convention Parliaments, before the return of Charles II., and after the flight of James II., Speakers were, of course, elected by the Commons alone. Again, during the first illness of George III., in 1789, a new Speaker, Mr. Grenville, was appointed to fill up a death vacancy, and the Royal leave and approval were necessarily dispensed with. These seem to be the only exceptions, however, since 1394, to the rule of seeking licence from the Crown to elect a speaker, and afterwards presenting him for approval. Charles II. refused to confirm, in 1678, the election of Sir Edward Seymour, who had previously served in the same office, and had made himself obnoxious to the King. The result was a serious difference between King and Commons, and a short prorogation, but afterwards the Commons gave way, and chose Mr. Serjeant Gregory. This is the only instance in which the Royal confirmation of the Commons' choice has been refused. Between the reigns of Henry VIII. and Charles II. the Speaker was usually a lawyer. More than thirty lawyers served during this period. Of these some, like More and Rich, afterwards became Lord Chancellors; some, like Popham and Coke, were appointed Lord Chief Justices of England. Three were Recorders of London — Sir Robert Sheffield, ancestor of the Dukes of Buckingham of an extinct creation, who was chosen Speaker in 1510; Mr. Serjeant Crook, in 1601; and Sir Heneage Finch, in 1626. Cordele, in 1558, was Master of the Rolls when chosen Speaker, and Mr. Serjeant Philips, elected Speaker in 1603, was made Master of the Rolls, but still sat as Speaker. In Elizabeth's reign, Richard Onslow, Popham, and Coke held the office of Solicitor-General when elected Speaker. Sir Harbottle Grimstone, the first Speaker after the Restoration, afterwards became Master of the Rolls, as did Sir John Trevor, who was twice Speaker, and was expelled from the House in 1695 for taking a bribe of a thousand guineas from the City of London for promoting the

passing of a local bill. He himself, while in the chair, was forced to put the question that he had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour in accepting this bribe, and declared that the "ayes" had it. "The unutterable ignominy of the moment," says Macaulay, "left its mark even on the callous heart and brazen forehead of Trevor. Had he returned to the House on the following day, he would have had to put the question on a motion for his own expulsion. He therefore pleaded illness, and shut himself up in his bed-room. Wharton soon brought down a Royal message authorizing the Commons to elect another Speaker."

A physical as well as a moral defect prevented Sir John Trevor from officially exercising one important duty devolving on a Speaker. He squinted, and thus members in different parts of the House sometimes claimed with equal confidence that they had "caught his eye." A more difficult duty pertaining to the Speakership has always been that of preserving order. Sir Spencer Compton, who was Speaker from 1715, to 1727 was once asked to keep the House quiet by a member who said, "Surely I have a right to be heard!" Sir Spencer's unfeeling answer was, "No, sir! You have a right to speak, but the House have a right to judge whether they will hear you." Hatsell, however, in his *Precedents*, gravely dissents from this opinion, and believes it to be the Speaker's undoubted duty to keep the House quiet, that members may be heard. In an earlier instance, recorded by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, the Speaker did his duty properly. One Serjeant Heales, in a speech made in 1601, said, "The Queen hath as much right to all our lands and goods as to the revenues of her Crown." At this amazing instance of legal subversyency "all the House hemmed and laughed and talked." It is one of the earliest recorded attempts to put down the parliamentary bore or utterer of extreme opinions. "Well," quoth the undaunted Serjeant Heale, "all your hemming shall not put me out of countenance!" But then Mr. Speaker, for the greater civility of debate, stood up and said, "It is a great disorder that this should be used, for it is the ancient use of every man to be silent when any one speaketh; and he that is speaking should be suffered to deliver his mind without interruption." So the Serjeant proceeded, as Sir Simonds tells us, "and when he had spoken a little while, the House hemmed again, and so he sat

down." Humming was another unparliamentary sound which the Speaker was once called on to reprove. "I move," said Sir William Wheeler, "for candles, and also that humming be forborne, which is not parliamentary, nor ever used but at ovations and in schools." This species of interruption has given place to the louder "Oh!" prolonged at times into something like a groan, and requiring a dexterous management of voice not to be achieved by all members. Another and still more disagreeable sound has happily been put down by the authority of successive Speakers. Hissing used to be not uncommon, for in 1604 we find a grave member justly denouncing it as not only interrupting and hindering speech, but "a thing derogating from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, and crossing and abating the honour and privileges of the House." In our own day a solitary hiss late at night and at a time of great excitement is the sole and rare relic of this undignified old custom. Sleep as a refuge from parliamentary boredom has been recognized as beyond the Speaker's jurisdiction ever since Alderman Atkins moved "that such scandalous members as slept, and minded not the business of the House, should be put out;" and Harry Martin, the Regicide, who was "the scandalous member" thus pointed at, stood up and said, "Mr. Speaker has been moved to turn out the nodders. I desire the noddees may also be turned out."

Speakers of old must have had to deal with unruly members indeed. The Commons' journals record in 1640 an order "that whoever does not take his place, or moves out of it to the disturbance of a member speaking, Mr. Speaker shall present his name, and the House shall proceed against him." Another order in the following year was directed against whispering during business of importance, and in 1661 all members who climb over seats were to pay twelve pence to the serjeant. After the Restoration the House of Commons was specially remarkable for its indecorum, and Pepys in his Diary tells how in 1661 "Sir Allan Brodrick and Sir Allen Apsley did come drunk the other day into the House, and did both speak for half an hour together, and could not either be pulled or bid to sit down and hold their peace, to the great contempt of the King's servants and cause, which I am grieved at with all my heart." Elsewhere

in his Diary there is much to convict the Parliament of his day of hard drinking and roystering manners, in keeping with the times, but such as must have severely tasked a Speaker's authority. Marvel dryly describes "the pretty ridiculous figure the House cut when they were taken by Sir Thomas Clifford, after presenting an address — Speaker, mace and all — into the royal cellars, to drink his Majesty's health." The Hull patriot's stern reprobation was perhaps uncalled for here, as in the Royal precincts members were surely out of school. We have seen how the Speaker was expected to interpose in cases of verbal disorder. But more serious quarrels were not wanting within the House. Blows were sometimes exchanged there, and we read in "Auchitell Grey" that two members, Trelawney and Ash, having called each other rebel and Papist, the Speaker, at the wish of the House, invited both members to dinner, engaging them meanwhile to proceed no further with their quarrel.

The cry of "Agree, agree," is an ancient cry which still survives, though Sir Jonathan Trelawney declared (when Sir J. Trevor was in the chair) that such a cry "savoured to him like club law." But the Speaker's temper was more sorely tried than by this comparatively harmless exclamation. "If any man have a privilege to be disorderly, let me know it," said the Speaker in 1675, with marked sarcasm. There must have been "dinner bells" even in the time of Speaker Lenthall, who was elected in 1640 and again in 1654, for we find him telling members who rushed out of the House with one accord for their dinner that they were unworthy to sit in so great and wise an assembly if they so ran forth. When certain members rose to follow the Speaker into the Lords before the Royal message had been properly delivered, Sir Edward Seymour said: — "The burghesses of Newcastle and Leicester are in great haste to be gone, as if they went to get places at a show or play." This Speaker was free in his reproofs, and once charged a member with staying up so late at night, that he was unable to be in his place in a morning. "It is not true," retorted the angry member, "that I sat up late last night: I hope you will speak truth while you are in the chair." Even so lately as the end of the last century the Speaker was often in conflict with members, and unseemly scenes occurred. Happily the Speaker's authority is unquestioned now, and his dignity is

amply maintained, even without the adventitious aid referred to by the friend who, upon Addington's appointment as Speaker, regretted "that such an enlight-

ened countenance as God has given you should be shrouded in a bush of horse-hair."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—In one of his poems, Burns ventilates a wholesome wish:

O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us.

The difficulty is, how the thing is to be done. Seeing ourselves as others see us is no easy matter. In the first place, owing to the complaisance and timidity of mankind, there is usually a great difficulty in knowing what others really think of us. The rules of good breeding are completely antagonistic to it. The world wears a mask—not from bad motives, but to make things pleasant. How to see behind the mask, is the point for consideration. Great acuteness and vigilance, also great candour towards one's self, are indispensable in acquiring self-knowledge by such means. Then, we are beset by no end of notions of our own sufficiency. How, except by some tremendously severe self-searching and consciousness of human infirmity, can we get at the truth regarding ourselves? There is a possibility of our going on in great errors almost to the end of life, where not roused to a sense of them by some inlet of criticism from others. Obviously, there are large numbers who go on recklessly in the commission of criminal actions, who never seriously think what they are about, and are only for the first time brought to their senses in humiliating penal solitude. It is there they see themselves as others see them, though it may be rather late in the day. In ordinary affairs, one might be the better of even knowing whether any of his personal manners are disagreeable, whether he speaks too much or too loudly, whether he is thought to be too silent or too communicative; or, if a lady, whether she is not dressing too gaily for her years, and so forth.

DRAWING INFERENCES.—At one time—the seventeenth century—a common standard of religious belief was a belief in witches. If you denied witchcraft, you denied everything, and ran a fair chance of being burnt at the stake. A writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, iii. 139, gives some instances of this vicious, and we might now say exploded, standard of belief. "The learned Joseph Glanvill wrote a book of 'philosophical considerations touching the being of witches,' with a view to the confutation of infidelity! That great man, Sir Thomas Browne, said:

"For my own part, I have ever believed, and now do believe that there are witches. They that doubt of these do not only deny them, but spirits, and are obliquely and upon conscience not only infidel but atheistic." Cudworth held that "those who disbelieved witchcraft can hardly escape the suspicion of some hankering towards atheism." Talking of Sir Thomas Browne, that "great man," as the reviewer calls him, made as notable a mistake regarding the end of the world as he did about witches. He says: "We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time." The setting part of time! Why, the world, on the contrary, is still merely in its infancy. A large part of it is not yet discovered, and a still larger portion has not got out of a state of primeval barbarism.

SOURCES OF TROUBLE.—It may be doubted if anything which requires constant keeping and care be worth the trouble. Fine house-furniture, fine pictures, and finery of various kinds, are all apt to be sources of vexation. Much plate in a house is a still greater torment, for it leads to a constant apprehension of thieves. In this way, a man gets tyrannized over by a great many things which, in his simplicity, he imagined would give him nothing but pleasure. Douglas Jerrold, I think, points this out in some of his writings.

IN "A General Sketch of the History of Persia" is the following:—"Fat-h 'Aly Shâh was himself a poet; and his Laureate was an old chief named Fat-h 'Aly Khân, whose ancestors had been for several generations the Governors of Kashan. It is related that one day the Shâh gave him some of his verses to read, and asked for his opinion of them. 'May my soul be your sacrifice,' said the Laureate, 'they are bosh.' The insulted sovereign exclaimed, 'He is an ass—take him to the stables.' And the order was literally obeyed. After a short time his Majesty sent for him again, and read some more of his verses. The poet walked off without a word. 'Where are you going?' cried the Shâh. 'Just back again to the stables,' cried the undaunted Laureate."